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THE WIFE OF A MAN OF GOLD.

I saw her to-day in a crowded street,
On the arm of a man of gold,
Still regally beautiful—still as sweet—
As she was in the days of old.
Yet Fashion swept brilliantly by unseen,
The exquisite ogled in vain;
No glance left the eyes of the splendid queen,
Unless loaded with cold disdain.

A change has come o'er the lady, then;
A change which is travail of flames;
She is sick of homage from brainless men,
And the gossip of soulless dames.
I marked the lines on her dignified face—
It was smoother a year ago;
No eyes save mine saw the terrible trace,
Chiseled only by tears, I know.

She lives in the house of a millionaire,
In parlors with luxury glossed;
There are diamond pins that she may wear,
There are dresses of royal cost.
Rich revels will rise at her sweet command—
Her partner will never say nay;
Yet she seems to shrink from the golden hand
Which she swore to love and obey.

Perhaps she remembers the by-gone years
When her home was poorer than now—
When smiles were the victors instead of tears,
And comfort the victor of show;
When the morning sun from the country skies,
Softly fell on her sleeping face,
Instead of the blaze in her weary eyes,
And the glare on her gown of lace.

Perhaps she remembers the bird's clear song,
Instead of the opera stall;
Or the brook where she sat so oft and long,
In love for its silver fall.
Perhaps she remembers the May-day dance,
In the place of the midnight waltz,
And the hand which fell over hers by chance—
Rough, heavy, and brown—not false!

She may have thought of the past so sweet,
When her heart and her hand were free—
A thought of the man who fell at her feet
Neath the shade of an old oak tree.
She thinks of a promise she made to one
Who was hers in the days of old,
And she thinks of what she has lost and won,
As she walks with the man of gold.

McKEAN BUCHANAN. TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"But what now, eh, Light?"
"No. 1. Prove the will."
"Exactly."
"No. 2. Get a second from Miss Marsden."
"But how?"
"Leave that to me," replied Light.
"And No. 3?" asked Bernard.
"No. 3."
Light looked steadily.
"Yes," he said, holding up the glass, and pretending to examine its color, "then comes No. 3."
"Which is—" proceeded Bernard, looking uneasily—an increased pallor ebbing and flowing over his face.
"Which is, in fact, No. 3, precisely," answered Light.
"What's that noise?"
Bernard opened the door, and saw certain of the servants in the passage bringing down some luggage.
"What the devil's that, eh?" asked the captain.
"It's the countess, sir," answered one of the domestics. "She declares she'll start for London by the next train. Hardly any of her boxes were uncorded, sir; she only came yesterday."
"Going, eh?" returned Bernard, a cloud passing over his brow.
"Yes, sir," replied Minkin, who was bustling about. "Her ladyship desired me to present her compliments, and say that she couldn't think of remaining in this house a minute longer than she could possibly help!"
"You may present your mistress with my compliments in return," responded the captain, "and tell her that if she chooses she may go to the devil!"
"I am sure," retorted Minkin, "that my mistress would have the very strongest objection to go to any place where it would be at all likely she should meet you!"
Having given utterance to this wonderful sarcasm, Miss Minkin elevated her nose several degrees towards the ceiling, and walked away.
"Infernal impudence, eh?" asked Bernard.
"You can afford it," smiled Light, "because you must remember, captain, that you are so very rich. 'Twill be all your own, soon," he added in a whisper, "and those who pretend to triumph now, will then be among the most abject of your slaves."
"I'll go up to town," muttered Bernard, 'and, gad, sir! I'll look the beggars down! The beggars that could despise me—and blackguard me—when fortune gave me an ill turn! I'll scatter my gold like grains in a farm yard! How the base fowl will come round to pick 'em up, eh, Light?"
"That's how the world wags," returned the other. "When you're down, they tread you lower; when you're up, they waft you higher still."
Ah, curse 'em!" said Bernard. "Dogs, every one!"
"An endless run of ill-luck I have had, to be sure," he recommenced. "First, this bit of a wound, scarce more to a man of stamina than a prick with a woman's needle, and yet so agonizing, that the tortures of the damned would have been a heaven to't! All to hinge upon that, and then that to fail!"
"You go in for a heavier stake now," consoled Light.
"You will have all the money, and no burden of a wife."
"I am not quite sure that Lucy Marsden would have been a burden. I have seen too much of this fantasy called life to care for a pretty face, or be tickled by a pleasant tongue, and yet, somehow, that little girl bewitched me, nearly, not quite. I—"
"Who is that?" inquired Light, as his eye rested on a horseman coming up the lawn.
"That's Moore. A good fellow enough, and skilful; not a bad hand at a bottle, either. He's lost no time."
"Mr. Moore, medical man of the district, pursy and florid, made up on his stout cob.
"I met your messenger, Captain," he said, through the window, "which accounts for my prompt arrival. What's matter, eh?"
With this he descended from his cob, which stood very quietly; and the door being opened, entered the Grange.
"What is it, eh?" he again asked, entering the room.
"An accident," spoke Light, rising, with a slight bow. "In fact, it was the thrust of a small-sword through the fleshy part of the arm. It should have healed long since, but—"
"The London faculty," impressively pronounced the country practitioner, "complicate diseases by the pretended philosophy of their means of cure. A simple thing enough, I warrant."
Bernard, removing his wounded arm from its sling, by the aid of Light and the doctor, undid the riband fastenings of the cut sleeve.
The doctor examined the limb, and paused.
"Hum!" he said, "it looks inflamed; but the inflammation is subsiding. Have you any ice in the house?"
Light touched the bell. It was answered by Latour.
"Have you ice?" asked the doctor.
Latour replied in the affirmative.
"Bring some, then, with cold water in a basin."
"Charming weather, after the storm," the doctor remarked to Light.
"Charming weather," coincided the other.
"Do the country good," further remarked the doctor.
"Capital weather for the country," agreed Light, once more.
"Do you think we shall have rain before long?" inquired the doctor, throwing an air of deep interest into the question.
"Well, we might; and yet—I don't know."
"That's exactly my opinion," plumped in the doctor.
Latour returned with the ice, the water and the basin. The doctor wetted a handkerchief, and applied it to the wound. The patient so shivered with pain, that the doctor was astonished. He dipped his finger in the liquid, and tasted it. Latour watched with the deepest and most engrossing interest.
"Hum! rather extraordinary," exclaimed Mr. Moore; "but it's all right."
With this, he soaked the handkerchief thoroughly. With a gush, the icy liquid rushed over the wound. Bernard turned the hue of death, and with a frantic yell of pain, fell helpless in a chair.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LUCY'S DEPARTURE—HER ABDUCTION—THE FALSE FLOOR—THE CELLAR UNDER THE THAMES.

We now return to the night of Lucy's departure. By the aid of the telegraphic wires, long before the arrival of the mail train in London, the arrangements of Light were completed. Barely had the carriages stopped at the terminus, before the dumb hunchback had swayed himself upon the platform, and eagerly glanced down the line of waiting cabs. An eager nod of recognition was enough, and Silas, the landlord of the "World's End," drew his cab up. The hunchback pointed to Lucy, who, weary with her exciting journey, was in the act of descending from the carriage.
"Cab, miss?" said Silas, exercising the same kind of tact with which a conjuror forces a card.
"Any luggage, miss?" he continued.
Lucy shook her head. Silas then led the way to his vehicle, tossing a coin to the deformed.
"I tell ye what, my man," exclaimed the inspector at the station; "if you leave your horse like that, I'll report ye!"
"Beg pardon, sir," replied Silas, with pretended humility, "but the lady's an invalid, sir."
The inspector accepted the excuse.
"Where to miss?" inquired Silas.
"No. 87 Gerrard street, Soho."
The address of Gabrielle's old lodging. The cab drove out of the station. At mid-day, through the crowded streets of business London, was this young girl borne away without one passenger to aid her. Slowly they passed over London Bridge, and then turned sharply round, entering the narrow defiles which lead to Wapping. The cab then stopped for a moment or two, as Long-shore Dick, who, walking quickly, had kept up with it, leaped upon the box. Lucy thought this strange, and a kind of fear attacked her. When she was driven further and further into this, to her, unknown locality, the slight fear increased into positive alarm. She pulled the check-string.
"Windows up? Yes, miss."
Silas pulled the horse up, while he and the hunchback simultaneously glided from the box. Going to the opposite sides of the cab they raised the window-panes, which, instead of glass, were made of wood. They secured these by a fastening outside, and, by the same means, locked both doors; so that, in the space of a few seconds, Lucy Marsden found herself a prisoner. The two ruffians quickly remounted, and instantly drove off. Lucy was paralysed with terror.
"She's quiet," said Silas to his companion. "Bless my soul!" he added; "I forgot the poor devil was deaf."
Silas lashed the horse to a smart trot. Sense, which for a brief while had deserted her, returned to Lucy, and she uttered loud screams. Silas drove the faster. A second scream, more wild, more piercing than the former. Silas gave a pantomimic glance towards his companion. The other understood, and, in the most perfect manner, simulated intoxication. He laughed, rolled, looked stupid, hiccupped, nearly fell off, cocked his hat, and cried by turns. Thoroughly alarmed, Lucy beat at the doors of the cab, and screamed even louder than before. A passer-by heard the scream, and stopped the cab.
"Hilloa, cabby!" he said; "why, what the deuce—eh?—why, what sort of a fare have you got there?"
"You may well ask that, governor," replied Silas. "Here's the husband here been looking the sun in the eye rather too much,—been fightin' his wife, and she's as tight as a drum inside. I wish I was rid ov em."
Silas looked at the hunchback. Lucy, feeling the cab stop, and believing that help was at hand, screamed with all her might.
"Sit down, governor!" said Silas to his companion, who, at his signal, had risen up as though to get off the box, and attack his supposed wife.
"Nice lot, ain't they?" remarked the pretended cabman, as he drove on once more.
The sympathising stranger passed on his way with a shudder. So admirably did the hunchback act the drunken man, that the excuse of Silas passed current everywhere. Lucy, inside the cab, was half maddened with the horror of her situation. To what new trick was she the victim? The cab passed on, left the rough stones of town, and entered into the level roads of the country.
An hour at least had passed ere it paused again. It was at a rough stable by the side of a lonely road. Silas entered the shed—led out a horse, which was awaiting him, ready harnessed—took out the tired animal, which had hitherto brought them, and placed the fresh one in the cab. Again they started on their journey. Lucy resolved not to fatigue herself by uselessly screaming, and to reserve all her strength for a danger which, as yet, she could not perceive. This silence alarmed her captors; they gently lowered the front window, and Silas peeped within. He beheld his victim, calm, quiet, but determined. Silas gave a grunt of satisfaction—not merely that all was going on favorably; but at the jewelled rings which gleamed on Lucy's hand.
Soon he thought they would be his. The World's End was at last reached, and the vehicle driven into the yard behind. The sun shone on the level marshes, but no human figure was in sight. Customers never came to the lonely place in the day. It was only in the even, when a lighterman would perchance moor his boat to the shore. Long-shore Dick descended, unlocked the door of the house, and admitted a long stream of sunlight into the grimy passage. Silas then unfastened the cab and beckoned Lucy into the inn. The moment the poor girl stepped from the vehicle she attempted to run away. In this effort she was stayed by Long-shore Dick, who, by two or three active bounds, had placed himself before her. Recoiling from him she found herself in the arms of Silas, who, by the merest effort, lifted her from the yard into the house. The hunchback, leaving the horse and cab to take care of itself, leaped after them and closed the door. Lucy at once saw that she was a prisoner. The house, desolate enough in the night time, looked doubly so by the glare of day. The burning glow of the sun lit up each broken wall and dirty corner, showing the dark stains of beer and refuse of tobacco on the broken tables, the greasy dirt on the window-panes, while the atmosphere was filled with the stale fumes of previous dissipation. Lucy's heart sank within her at the contrast of this squalor with her past splendor.
"Why," she exclaimed,—"why am I brought here?"
"Well, Miss," replied Silas, with pretended humility,—"well, Miss, it's orders."
"The orders of whom?"
"Why," smiled Silas, "my master, Miss."
"And his name is Bernard?"
"No, Miss," returned Silas, "it ain't. I've never heard of sich a party."
"What is your purpose?"
"Why, Miss, if I was to ask him such an impudent question as that, he might discharge me," answered Silas, with a grin.
"Oh!" cried Lucy, her spirit suddenly departing—"oh, spare me!"
"We ain't going to hurt you, Miss," replied Silas.
"Oh, let me depart!" implored Lucy. "See, here is money—jewels!"
"They ain't real," doubtingly responded Silas, taking the proffered rings, and pretending to examine them, and with a cunning smile placing them in his pocket. "I'll ask a friend o' mine, who knows the valley o' these things, and let you know, Miss."
"Great heaven!" screamed Lucy; "what is it you want?"
"Hark ye, Miss!" said Silas; "to obey orders, that's all, that's my duty. I shall do it as polite as possible; but I shall do it."
"Am I to remain here?"
Silas nodded.
"For how long?" exclaimed Lucy, with a quiver of horror.
"Master must tell you; I don't know."
"Shall I see him?"
"Perhaps."
"When?"
Silas slowly approached Lucy. The young girl turned round, and missed the form of the hunchback. Suddenly she felt the floor beneath her moving. She started in alarm. Immediately the strong arm of Silas was around her, as the ground opened beneath her feet. She then saw that she had been standing on a sort of revolving trap, which, being unfastened beneath by the hunchback, yielded under her weight. She screamed with terror. Silas placed his coarse hand over her delicate mouth, and bore her down into the cellar. She had sufficient presence of mind to count the steps. There were eighty-four. Silas, at the bottom, rested, and breathed with exertion.
"Oh, man—man!" cried Lucy; "tell me, is this murder?"
"No," replied Silas, opening a grated oaken door, and thrusting her into the damp, dark cellar, over which the slimy waters of the river ebbed and flowed.
"No, it ain't murder. It's imprisonment for life, that's all."
Silas then closed the door with a heavy bang, slowly took his way up the steps, secured the trap, sent Long-shore Dick away with the cab, and then taking out the jewels, and examining them by the clear light, speculated as to the probable value of his booty.

CHAPTER XXV.

GABRIELLE AND HER GUESTS—THE LOVER'S WALK—THE LONG EXPECTED LETTER—ITS EFFECT ON ATHOL AND LATOUR.

M. ANATOLE had saluted his Emperor, opened the window of his little lodge to admit the air, fragrant with flowers, and sat down to his breakfast.
"Gabrielle, charmant," he said to his niece, "your eye is vare red; you no have sleep, eh?"
Her uncle knew nothing of her midnight journey through the storm.
"The tempest disturbed me, uncle—nothing more."
"Our guests—are they rouse, eh?"
"They are here, uncle."
Anatole rose to welcome them with his old military salute. Both Light and Bernard were gloomy and silent.
"It ees—ah—vare strange," spoke Anatole, as though it were a capital joke; "but whenevare I see Monsieur le Capitaine, I do zink I have seen him bayfore."
Light looked somewhat uncomfortable, and glanced uneasily at Bernard. The latter individual, however, was rapidly gaining his former self-possession.
"It is an evident hallucination, M. Anatole. I have already said that it is impossible."
"Ah, *bien!* vell it is so. But it do seem strange—so vare strange."
At the conclusion of the morning meal, the friends rose to depart to the Grange. The sequence of events which followed on their arrival at the mansion has already been related. Meanwhile, the brain of Gabrielle was in a whirl. She could do nothing but think of an endless variety of topics, while M. Anatole, deliberately wiping his spectacles, prepared to attack the impregnable fortress of his great work on the irregular verbs. It couldn't be—yes, it was Charles Robinson! The delighted Gabrielle opened the door to her lover.
"Oh!" exclaimed Robinson; "I never saw such a lovely place! I've been travelling all night, and I am so happy!"
Gabrielle was too delighted to dampen the joy of the new arrival by telling him of Lucy Marsden's flight, and the consequent alteration which might therefore take place in the rosy prospect which they had encouraged.
"Ah, mon pupil!" exclaimed Anatole, rising up and welcoming him with both hands—"ah, you have arrive for your lessong. Zall we now commence to baygin?"
"Oh, uncle! Mr. Robinson is far too tired; to-morrow, perhaps."
"Or this evening," interposed Robinson.
"Ah, *tres bien!* Zat is vare well; I am contong."
Then, with a most serious expression, M. Anatole sat down to his work once more.
"Oh, Miss Anatole! we shall be so happy," cried Robinson, "pitching in" to some bread and cheese and ale which the fair hands of Gabrielle had brought for his refreshment.
"I have resided here before, you know," said the young French girl; "and there's not a lane with which I am unacquainted. We shall have such charming strolls in the evening, when all your business is over."
"How is M. Latour?—have you seen him lately?"
"I saw him last night," answered Gabrielle, with a slight hesitation.
"And Miss Lucy?"
"I'll tell you all about her presently," replied Gabrielle.
"Don't the country air make one hungry?" asked Robinson, "pitching in" to his third crust.
"It is appetizing," agreed Gabrielle.
"Are you not happy?"
"Yes," responded Gabrielle; "and you too, I hope."
"Oh, jolly!" replied Charles, "and so your bird seems, don't he? I say, you rascal," he added, thrusting a piece of sugar through the bars—"this is how" the bird gave a whistle as a sort of token of acquiescence.
"Hadn't I better go to the Grange and see M. Latour. He may want me, and I feel quite anxious to begin at once."
"I think you had better wait till the evening, or the morning," answered Gabrielle. "He—he is very busy."
"Don't the country air make you feel hungry!" repeated Robinson, "pitching into" his fourth crust.
Gabrielle clapped her hands and laughed.
"So it seems," she said. "Oh! you have a capital appetite—capital! When you have quite done—quite—we'll go for a stroll. I have something to say."
"I have finished," cried Robinson, throwing down his knife and starting up.
"No; I shan't stir till you have eaten every crumb—there!"
It was marvellous with what celerity Robinson despatched his meal.
"Now then," he said, as he swallowed the last morsel; "now, then, I'm ready."
Away under the leafy branches of the woods, through the herb-scented lanes, through the green fields, decked with the daisies. Sweet is the converse of love. Cupid strews with flowers the barren earth; the sunshine of his presence banishes the mists of doubt; he clothes the needy with robes of gold, and evokes the smile of goodness on the lips of avarice. So filled with joy were the fleeting moments, that even the sad intelligence of Lucy's sudden departure, and the probable change of plans which it might entail, had not served to subdue their pleasant frames of mind. So replete with gladness was the present, that the gloom of a distant future had no place within their souls. Two, three days passed away, and there was no letter from Lucy. Long before the usual arrival of the postman at the lodge, the eager face of Latour could have been seen coming from the Hall. His eyes brightened as he beheld the advancing official—blazed as, one by one, with rapid hand he turned over the letters; then, finding none from his cherished mistress, his heart felt sick, and his face looked haggard as he turned away. Twice a day was this repeated—twice a day the expectation—twice a day the disappointment. Gabrielle herself became alarmed. She thought of writing to her old landlady for information. Bernard still remained at the Grange, but Light had quitted for London two days. The hour now is that grey gloaming, when day merges into night, and the moon divides with the departing sun the empire of the sky. The window of the lodge was open, looking into the road. Too light for candles, and yet too dark for work, Gabrielle and Charley, as he was now affectionately called, were lost in a lovers' dream. Slowly journeying down the dusty road there approached, unseen, a traveller. A hat of soft felt concealed his features, while a loose travelling-wrapper hid his form. His eyes, bent, as though studiously, on the ground, were scarcely raised till he reached the lodge, and, in a quiet, reflective mood, leaned over the gate. Then Gabrielle recognised the stranger. But so abstracted was he in his deep thought, and so evidently gloomy was his thought, that for a few moments Gabrielle forbore to disturb him. In his face was an utter, perfect misery.
"Mr. Clement," at last spoke Gabrielle, as she issued from the lodge, with the key of the gate,—"Mr. Clement, will you come in and rest?"
Clement bowed his head, and, as one entranced, entered. Everything reminded him of her to whom he was devoted with such unselfish passion. The bridge over the waterfall—the moss-edged road—the glade which he knew was below. M. Anatole, who remembered having met him on the morning of the incomplete marriage, rose, and gave his accustomed salute.
"Mees Marsden," asked the Frenchman,—"'ave you, M Athol, news of Mees Marsden?"
"News of her?" exclaimed Athol, "news of her?"
Gabrielle, rising gently, placed her hand upon his arm.
"Do not be cast down, Mr. Clement. She has fled; but we shall soon be informed of her precise address; and I know that she is in London."
"Gone!" cried Athol,—"fled! and for what? Heaven knows that, believing Bernard was disabled and his reputation destroyed, I fancied her here—happy in retirement. I could not pass the old place without looking at its walls."
"Captain Bernard," whispered Gabrielle, "has returned."
"Returned?"
"He is there, in the Grange, Mr. Clement, where its mistress is not."
"Bernard came, then?"
"And Miss Marsden fled!"
Athol closed his teeth, and wound his fingers in his hair.
"Oh, heaven!" he cried, "pardon this horrible feeling of regret that I did not slay him as he lay! My sword was at his throat, and I spared him—fool that I was—I spared him!"
Gabrielle nodded affectionately to Charley, hinting to him, by the sign, to keep M. Anatole amused; and then tripped out of the lodge into the open road. Perhaps, Charley may be forgiven the slight pang of jealousy at the alacrity with which she was followed by Athol. He speedily joined Gabrielle, and together—perhaps unconsciously—they wandered to the glade.
The time, the situation, was pregnant with recollection to both.
"It was here," said Gabrielle, "on the very evening of her departure, that I last heard her utter your name. If ever a true woman, in her worship, laid an honest heart at a lover's feet, that woman, Mr. Clement, was Miss Lucy Marsden."
"It was on the same old trunk on which I am now leaning," pronounced Clement—rather following the wayward impulses of his own thought than replying to his companion—"that I first knew I loved. How rapturous, yet how tender, the adoration! Fate divides us; 'twas so her own lips declared! Fate! Heaven help me! Fate!"
"I have brought you here, Mr. Clement, to ask you, on your solemn soul, whether you know the nature of the chain which, binding her ever to Bernard, separates her eternally from you?"
"On my solemn soul—no! Why is his presence so terrible, that she must fly from its merest shadow?"
"Mr. Clement," exclaimed Gabrielle,—"Mr. Clement, he would kill her!"
Athol was instantly livid.
"I tell you, Mr. Clement, it was to save her life that she fled. By an interposition of heaven, rather than an accident, I overheard the plot, and warned her."
Athol clutched her so tightly by the wrist, that she involuntarily shrunk.
"But why did you not denounce——"
"She would not allow us—the most entire secrecy she enjoined upon us."
"Us?"
"Latour and myself."
"Did not he——"
"He was as powerless as I to change her stern resolve. I have pondered over the nature of this secret until it nearly maddens me. Powers of heaven! what can it be?"
"Has Latour any suspicion?"
"Not a grain. I have asked repeatedly. He has asked his mistress. She tells him that 'tis her duty to retain it—that chance has flung her into the power of Bernard—that she would die in torture ten thousand times, rather than that he should reveal."
"Would he were dead, and that my hand had slain him where he fell!"
"You gave him the wound on his sword-arm? Oh, you may trust me. It was from you he received it—was it not?"
"It was."
"Oh, Mr. Clement, that your weapon had pierced his heart!"
Athol bit his lips.
"Lucy Marsden would then have you happy in her love."
"Not even then, Gabrielle. Do not talk now. From thoughts like these is madness born. Let us leave this place. Come, Gabrielle."
With a quick step, Athol plunged from the glade, and encountered Latour.
"Ah, Mr. Clement!" said the creole, as he recognised

him; "the victim has fled from the grip of the tyrant. Would that the tyrant were dead!"

Athol gave a swift, convulsive sigh.

"Think ye, Athol Clement," whispered Latour, in so low a tone that Gabrielle could not overhear,—"think ye, if the long dagger were now in your hand, or the point of your sword at his throat—would ye then?"

"Heaven help me, I should not."

"Then must you not blame another if—is Stanley in sight yet—it is near his time?"

This latter sentence, added by Latour, was spoken to Gabrielle, who had approached within ear-shot.

"It is about his time. It is the postman Mr. Latour means," explained Gabrielle. "Eight is his hour."

"We have expected a letter from Miss Marsden," muttered Latour, "for nearly four days. If it comes not this post, I believe I shall be sleepless through the night."

"Pray heaven it may!" said Athol. "At any cost, I'll follow her, to watch over and protect her."

The anxiety of Latour had induced him to hasten his footsteps. He looked over the gate, and peered through the dusk along the road.

"He comes!" called out the creole.

Gabrielle, in a few steps, was at the gate.

"Got the letter for you at last, Miss Anatole. That is the name, I think—sounds quite strange, like, for a day or two; and registered packet for Captain Bernard, at the Hall. I must take that up myself; they're law papers, like, so I'd rather have his receipt. Those lawyer fellows always make such a fuss if anything goes wrong."

"Quite prudent," cried Latour, trembling with nervous excitement,—quite prudent! The letter for Miss Anatole—quick, I implore you!"

"I must get into the lodge for a light, for I can hardly see. Here's two or three more for the Grange people, but I'll just carry these myself, as I am going up. Mr.—Mrs.—Miss—no, that's Miss Mary. Oh, here it is!—I thought I couldn't have made a mistake—Miss Gabrielle Anatole."

The creole could hardly contain himself. Latour beckoned Athol. Gabrielle opened the letter, while Latour and Athol, leaning over her shoulder, read it silently and simultaneously. At its conclusion, with one wild yell, Latour leaped out into the woods; Athol sank back, almost lifeless; while, with choking, unbroken sobs, Gabrielle fell forwards on the table. The letter ran as follows:—

"Deem me not weak, Gabrielle, sister of my soul, that I, a poor mortal, oppose the decree of heaven. Gabrielle, I have so suffered, that life is to me a horrible prison, guarded by Death. Pity me, Gabrielle—I have passed the gate to freedom in another world. The wealth that was mine, and which, in the grave, is useless, belongs now to Hugh Bernard—my solemn will bequeaths it. Pray for me, Gabrielle! Poor Athol—devoted lover! Poor Latour—servant ever faithful! When you read these lines, Gabrielle, if spirits may visit earth, mine shall be hovering over, to comfort and console. Yet a few moments, and my body shall be clay, and liberty smile upon my soul!" TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

McKEAN BUCHANAN.

THIS gentleman was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 28th, 1823, and is the son of Paymaster Buchanan, U. S. Navy, and nephew to Admiral Buchanan, of the Confederate Navy. He is also the great-grandson of Governor McKean. The subject of our present sketch was educated for the navy, and served three years as a midshipman on board of the sloop-of-war St. Louis, in the West India Squadron, commanded by Commodore Alexander J. Dallas. He, however, became tired of that life and entered into mercantile pursuits in New Orleans, where, for nine years he was recognized as one of the most prominent merchants of that city. While in the mercantile business he was instrumental in organizing an Amateur Dramatic Association, and erected a neat little Hall on Nayade street, where he played many a prominent part. Having a desire to adopt the stage altogether, as a profession, he gave up his business and made his *debut* on the stage at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, as Hamlet. After a brief stay in that city, he started on a travelling tour through the States, visiting all the principal cities with success. He first appeared in New York, June 10th, 1850, at the Broadway Theatre, as Hamlet. He also appeared under Willard's management at the Metropolitan Theatre (now Winter Garden), January 2d, 1855, and played a six nights' star engagement. First appeared in Philadelphia June 17th, 1850, at the Walnut, as Othello. Time sped on; the young Roscius fought his way; the indomitable spirit of Young America persevered; he stemmed the torrent of criticism; passed the ordeal of that fiery test—and succeeded in having his name enrolled among the list of American actors. We will not tell of his difficulties; the opposition he had to encounter; the prejudices he had to contend against of certain managers and outside influence; all these are the secrets of an actor's life—painful, yet truthful. After a successful tour in the States, he sailed for England, where he played over six hundred nights, eliciting from the press unbought praise. In London he appeared in his principal Shakespearian characters one hundred and twenty-six nights. He then made a tour to California and Australia, receiving for his performances in the two latter countries, we are informed, the sum of sixty thousand dollars. He returned to the United States in October, 1857, and made his *debut* at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Nov. 9th, in "King Lear." After a second tour through the States, which was a very successful one indeed, he again sailed for England, and on the 5th of March, 1859, appeared at the Standard Theatre, London, as Hamlet, and was spoken of in the highest manner by the press of London. After playing in Great Britain three hundred and ninety-two nights in eighteen months, he embarked for Australia on the 5th of April, 1860, in the ship Young America, on a professional tour through the Australian colonies, the Sandwich Islands and California. He remained in the land of gold until 1864, when he returned to New York, arriving here on April 9th, accompanied by his very talented, young and beautiful daughter, Virginia. His first engagement on his return was at the Indianapolis (Ind.) Theatre, where he commenced on July 18th, and played a brilliant engagement. He has since appeared, supported by his daughter, in nearly all the principal cities, and has everywhere met with a cordial reception, his engagements proving successful to the star, the public and manager. Mr. Buchanan is a most correct actor throughout the entire *role* of his characters, however varied; he presents a style both of reading and action which convinces his audience that he is giving them the fruit of intense and protracted study. He has been called an original actor. This is indeed true; but his originality is not that which leads to singularity; it manifests itself rather in an independent, bold, somewhat peculiar, but always natural mode of action. His plastic talent enables him to adopt any style he may select as the correct one; his knowledge of all which connects itself with stage business permits him to avail himself of every addition which mechanical skill may afford. That Mr. Buchanan is a man of mind and a proficient in the science of acting cannot be doubted, as the weight and importance of the parts he has sustained are more than sufficient to testify; it cannot be denied that he possesses a majestic figure and carriage graceful and commanding, a voice always competent to give complete effect to his ideas; we cannot fail to observe in him the enthusiasm and study of an artiste who has bestowed at least as much pains upon the cultivation of his mental as his physical qualifications.

RULES OF SHINNY.

1. The number of players at the medium game are eleven on a side—one mounter and ten shinniers. Short shinny has seven on a side—long shinny, sixteen. The distance between the bases—the "home" of one party is the base of the other—is two hundred and twenty feet; and the distance between the stations, from the base to the first station, and from the last station to the home, is twenty feet. In short and long shinny, the entire distance is shortened or lengthened in proportion to the players; and the distance between the stations may be altered by consent.

2. The play is for the best two in three games, or three in five. The number scored in a game is twenty-one. A ball sent home counts one. A ball returned to base by the opposite side, before it reaches the fifth station, counts one; before it reaches the ninth, two; and after it has passed the tenth, three. A ball sent home, in one blow, by the mounter, counts, in the short game, four; in the medium game, five; and in the long game, six. A ball returned home by being struck in the air, after having got by the mounter's blow past the sixth station, counts seven. All fouls count five against the party making them.

3. One on each side is placed at a station; and there is one baseman, who cannot advance to play beyond the first station from the base, and it is his duty to mount the ball, and direct the game for his side.

4. Each player must "shinny on his own side;" that is, strike the ball in the right direction. If he do not, he may be told to; and should he refuse, it is counted against his side as a foul. Striking a player with a shinny stick, if it show evidence of intention, is a foul. Tripping up an adverse player, placing the foot on the ball, kicking it, or snatching it up, is foul.

5. If the ball be shinnied or mounted so as to fall in an inaccessible place, the player first reaching it, and crying "Poods," has a right of placing it for a blow. For that purpose he must throw it to some spot in the line between the base, not less than two nor more than twelve feet from his own person. If he does otherwise, it is a foul.

6. The markers, one from each side, with an umpire, are to be placed at a point equi-distant from the bases, where they can command a view of the field; and here they count by tally. In case of their dispute, the umpire's decision is final.

7. The ball should be made of yarn, tightly wound upon an inch thickness of caoutchouc, covered with well-sewed calfskin, and be three inches in diameter. The length, weight, and form of the shinny stick is optional with each player.

8. Ten feet in the rear of its own base, the bunting of each side should be displayed. To prevent confusion, and to render easier the duties of markers and umpire, each side should wear shirts and caps of the same colors as they display in their bunting.

9. A ball once passing a home, or crossing its line, cannot be knocked back by the opposite party; but must be regularly mounted by the baseman for the commencement of a new round.

10. At the beginning of each round, the shinniers must resume the stations allotted them at the commencement of the game, unless the basemen allow or order them to change for other stations.

SKATING PONDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—They have four or five of these desirable arenas for this exhilarating exercise in the Quaker City. The largest of them is the Eastwick Skating Park, situated upon the property of A. M. Eastwick, Esq., near Gray's Ferry Bridge. This grand pond is nearly a mile in length, by a quarter of a mile in width. The average depth of water is less than three feet, so that no serious accident can possibly occur. Five thousand persons may skate on this pond at the same time. The Pine street cars go directly to the beautiful spot. There is another fine skating pond at West Philadelphia, under the management of Mr. Van Hook, himself one of the most graceful skaters in the country. This pond is managed with ability, and is very successful. Campbell's Ponds, at Fourth and Diamond, are also a notable success. The Third street, Fifth street and Eighth street cars take visitors directly to these spacious and well managed ponds. The water is only from two to three feet deep, and no harm can possibly befall visitors. Near the junction of Ridge Avenue and Columbia Avenue, is another skating pond, under the management of Mr. Moulder. Mr. Elias Hicks Hayhurst is the Superintendent of Campbell's Pond, and as he is an amiable gentleman, a graceful skater, and very good to children, he will do much to make it a popular resort.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

NOTICE.

THE CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S DAY falling upon Monday, we shall defer the publication of next week's CLIPPER until Wednesday morning, in order that compositors, pressmen, and all hands engaged on our paper may have the privilege of joining in Monday's festivities, New Year's day being one of the very few holidays which New Yorkers feel particularly bound to observe; in fact, it is the holiday in the Empire City. Agents, and our patrons will take notice, therefore, that the publication of the CLIPPER next week will be one day later than usual. It is expected that every man engaged on the paper will be at his post on Tuesday morning, so that there may be no delay in getting to press early on Tuesday evening.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

NOVICE, Boston.—"In a recent game of whist there was a misdeal which was not discovered till the last trick but one, when the younger hand found that he had taken up one card too few and that the dealer had one too many. The dealer's side being already two by honors and the odd trick, their opponents called a new deal; whereas I claim that all protests against the deal must be made before three tricks are played. How is it?"...... There is nothing that we can find in any authority on the game that says the protest must be made before three tricks are played. Hoyle says:—"Every person ought to see that he has thirteen cards dealt; therefore, if any one should happen to have only twelve, and does not find it out till the first trick has been turned, and the rest of the players have their right number, the deal stands good; and also the person who plays with twelve cards is to be punished for each revoke, in case he has made any; but if any of the rest of the players should happen to have fourteen cards, in that case the deal is lost." Deschapelles says:—"If, after the lead, a player finds that he has one less than his proper number of cards, and the missing card be found in his adversary's hand, the deal is lost, but if the missing card be found in his partner's hand, the adverse party may retain the same hands and rectify the error, or call a new deal." As so many cards were played, to rectify the error would be almost impossible, and we look upon it that a new deal should be called.

G. H. J., Fort Wayne, Ind.—"A raffle came off in this city for four prizes to be awarded to the four highest throws. A threw 47, B 43, C 43, D 43, E 41, and F 39. There is a dispute in consequence; many claiming that the three persons who threw 43 are entitled to the three remaining prizes. Others contend that the persons who threw 43 were only entitled to the second prize, and that 41 and 39 were entitled to the 3d and 4th prizes. Will you please decide this matter."......As the agreement stipulated that the prizes should go to the four highest throws, there is no cause for dispute; the four highest throws being the 47 and the three 43's, the prizes go to 47 and the parties who threw the three 43s—41 and 39 have no claim.

COPPERHEAD, Troy.—1. That Champion Clog Dance has fallen through. 2. Wally Thomas died in Lowell, Mass., May 29th, 1864. 3. No sir, he is not the best balladist. 4. Nelse Seymour is with the party you mention. 5. Sam will probably locate in this city soon after New Year.

J. F. STEVENS, Boston.—1. Cannot furnish you with a correct list at present. 2. Buckleys Minstrels organized in 1843, and first appeared at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. They are considered one of the oldest companies. 3. G. Swain Buckley is a good bone soloist. 4. They visited Europe in 1847. 5. Were in California in 1852.

EAST LYNNE.—Mr. Clifton W. Tayleure, of the Baltimore press, is conducting Mr. Owens' business during his engagement in this city. Mr. Tayleure is considered one of our best native dramatists. Several of his pieces hold the boards and are very successful.

MARK McG.—Brettle's first fight with Mace took place Sept 21, 1858, when he won in 2r. 3m; in the second, Mace licked Brettle, Sept. 19th and 20th, 1860, 11r. 19m. It was on the 20th of Sept., 1859, that Sayers beat Brettle.

HOUSTON STREET.—Four persons are playing a game of draw poker. A deals, B goes blind. Can any one of the players *raise* the blind, or is it B's exclusive privilege to do so?".......Any of the players can raise the blind.

OLD SPORT, New York.—The fight between Jem Mace and Joe Goss, in which the former staked £600 to £400, came off on September 1st, 1863, and was won by Mace in 19 rounds. Time, 1 hour and 55 minutes.

FARNKLIN, Nashville.—1. Your first and second queries being exclusively of a military character, we must refer you to the Secretary of War. 2. Ned Price has been in the business you refer to.

JAS. C. FLAHERTY, Whalley House, Philadelphia.—"Three persons playing seven up, A and C have each four to make. B only two; A deals and B goes out. Does C lose his beg?"..... No, C does not lose his beg.

FRANK N., Newbern, N. C.—1. The Heenan and Sayers fight came off on April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, England. 2. You do not say where to or from, in your question about sailing vessels and steamships. 3. The Atlantic cable was laid in the year 1860.

G. H. B.—Whoever told you that Edwin Booth was not the son of *Edwin* Booth Sen., told you what was so, but that he is the son of the late Junius Brutus Booth we boldly assert as "just so."

MRS. GRAHAM, Chicago.—Max Irwin is travelling with a company through the States. If you send a letter to this office, we will advertise it and he will receive it in good time.

JUSTICE SEEKER.—1. Mr. Frank B. Converse. 2. The gentleman you mention as being connected with a minstrel band, is a most excellent performer on the banjo.

PETER LYNCH, Washington.—Your paper has been sent to your former address every week; unless you let us know when you change your base, we cannot alter your address.

H. R. B., Battery Place, N. Y.—B and Co. won the game, their gift and high and low putting them out before A and Co.'s one for Jack could be taken.

CURIOUS, Utica.—1. Write to the paper most interested and it will *perhaps* answer you. 2. It is not true that "Arty" was married in Utah.

INGOMAR, Chicago.—1. Maggie Mitchell will perform at McVicker's in your city before the season closes. 2. A complete history of the American stage will shortly be published in this city

ASTORIA, L. I.—If there were not enough cards to go round, A should have bunched them. If there was one card remaining, that was the trump card, and A was right in turning it up.

ITEM, Philadelphia.—Mr. Wm. Castle, as you will see by our dramatic summary, is travelling with an English Opera Troupe.

W. W.—The lines are not up to your standard, and for that reason are omitted.

A VICTIM, Fulton.—Will call the attention of the parties to your case.

CRIBBAGE, Nashville, Tenn.—Cards played in the following order do constitute a sequence in cribbage—4, 2, 5, 3.

K. A. K., Oil City.—1. Flora Temple's time has never been beaten. 2. Saunterer was a running horse. 3. Thank you, but we have not got "ile" on the brain.

J. C. LANGDON, Alexandria, Va.—The fight between J. C. Heenan and Tom Sayers took place at Farnborough on April 17, 1860

F. O. B., U. S. Iron Clad Atlanta.—Flora Temple's fastest trotting time, 2:19¾, was made on the Kalamazoo track, Michigan.

ENQUIRER, N. Y.—A man betting on a "sure thing" wins, if the "sure thing" turns out to be sure.

U. S. M. A., West Point, Va.—Send to Phalon, under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

LEDA B., Toronto, C. W.—You will find the gentleman mentioned almost every week in our dramatic summary.

HARRY B.—1. We do not know of any "Professor of English Opera" that we can recommend you.

PAULINE.—Edwin Forrest was the first man that played Claude Melnotte in "Lady of Lyons" in this country.

H. E. B., N. Y.—Morrissey was not in England at the time of the Heenan and King fight.

H. G. A., Providence.—Have called the attention of the parties to your case. You will hear from them in a day or two no doubt.

AN OLD READER, Pittsburgh.—The Novelty Iron Works are located at the foot of East 12th street, N. Y.

J. W., New York.—You will get the information more correctly at the recruiting *depot* in the City Hall Park.

OLYMPIC.—Miss Eliza Newton made her *debut* in London at the New Royalty Theatre, under Mrs. Selby's management.

C. A. S., Boston.—Your letter came to hand three days too late for our last issue, and the items are too old for the present issue.

WOULD-BE MINSTREL, Boston.—Burnt cork is easily moved from the face with soap and water.

J. G.—The lady did not, to the best of our knowledge, enact the *role*.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—B should deal, then that will make it "square all round."

W. G. G., Fort Wayne.—See answer to "G. H. J."

AN ENQUIRER.—The New Stadt Theatre is the largest.

W. H. AND S. S.—Mr. F. Siegrist is the lady's husband.

SUBSCRIBER, Newark.—The lady is married.

C. B. GRISTE.—Your $6.35 came to hand all right.

G. W.—It is a matter of opinion altogether.

E. A. W., St. Louis.—The lady is at present living in retirement.

JOHNNY HICKEY, New York.—See answer to Old Sport.

KING DICK, Gettysburg.—"All right my covey." Thank you.

JAMES BARKLEY.—We have a London letter for you.

JIM CUSICK.—A letter at this office is waiting for you.

JOHN SPENCER.—We've got a letter for you.

HENRY O., Point Lookout.—See answer to Enquirer.

D. B. R., Rochester.—The lady is married.

GEORGE L. JACKSON, Mich.—New York State went Republican

NIBBINS, Hartford.—A flush and straight combined beat a full.

BOLIVER.—Bill Pool was shot on the night of Feb. 24, 1855.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

NEVER have we seen such an array of costly presents as now adorn the various shop windows on our principal thoroughfares. Huge dolls, with moveable eyes, hang suspended in the air, and smile sweetly on the hosts of buyers. The animals of Noah's Ark graze peacefully in the neighborhood of baby-houses, and seem to be in no wise disturbed by the lively dancing of Jim Crow. Everything that will gladden the heart of the young is now offered for sale. Tops, chests of tools, bows and arrows, ten pins, balls, velocipedes, drums, and whistles are to be had in endless variety for boys. Writing desks, albums, ear-rings, brooches, work-boxes, et cetera, may be selected for girls. Silks of every hue attract the eyes of young ladies, while cloaks of every imaginable pattern are displayed in all the beauty of rich lace and fashionable trimmings. Young gentlemen disdain the old style of presents, and are contented with checks drawn to any reasonable amount. Husbands have now an opportunity of investing in housekeeping articles, and each darling wife may present the partner of her bosom with a pen-wiper or a pair of slippers. What a host of buyers there are! Those who have suddenly become wealthy seem to be possessed with the idea that they must dispose of their small change as speedily as possible. Miss Lavinia Petrolia admires a handsome rosewood piano-forte, with mother-of-pearl keys, and accordingly purchases it. She charming damsel, perhaps, never had or never will have a taste for music, but what of that? "It is so pretty," she says, "and then you know, papa, it is a handy thing to have in the house." Miss Arabella de Shoddy, who is of a literary turn of mind, procures a black-walnut book-case at an enormous expense, and stores it with the latest novels of the day. "Why, Arabella, dear," cries her doting father, "how could you be so foolish?" "Because, papa, Miss Susan Petrolia has one of oak, and I want something better. Besides her father was an oyster man and I don't want you to be behind him." The daddy faints and gives in. The stores are thronged with old and young, large and small, and it is often difficult for a person to go in or come out. Dandy clerks, with sweet little "twiddle de twirlems" on their upper-lips, display the tempting goods and talk the people into buying. Acquaintances meet and kiss, and gossip, and chatter. Bachelor uncles may be seen in quest of presents for their nephews and nieces. Young wives procure India-rubber rings for their teething babes, and young husbands "shell out" willingly for a set of stylish furs. The lover, thinking of his Phebe Jane Anna Maria Thisbe, seeks the nearest photographic establishment and charms the object of his affections with a *fac simile* of his noble self. Fathers and mothers talk over the pleasure in store for their household angels, and even the child of four or five years of age delights the hearts of its parents with a gift which has probably cost but a penny.

"Christmas comes but once a year." What heart does not dilate, with mingled pleasure and regret, at the recollection of the scenes of early life—of the many happy Christmas evenings spent in the society of those who were dearest *to* us upon the earth—where happiness was reflected upon every face? The schoolboy, eager and impetuous in all his holiday games, the young and tender female, sitting in sweet retreating modesty, or blushing and smiling in all the charms of innocence and budding beauty—all remind us of "days of other years."

In the days of "merrie England," when the lords and gentlemen lived like petty kings, and had full power and sway over all the surrounding country, Christmas time was always a season of mirth and festivity. It was then that a cross-grained block of elm, commonly called a yule log, was dragged into the large Gothic hall, accompanied by music and mummers, and placed in the fireplace. The log was set on fire, and, as long as it lasted, the servants had plenty to eat and drink. Those were the days when a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth, was brought in by the head cook and placed before the master of the house, whilst the band in the gallery above filled the air with sounds of harmony. In those days a dish called "Apple Florentine" graced the hospitable board. It consisted of a large dish filled with baking apples, sugar, and lemon to the very brim, and covered with rich paste. When baked, the upper crust was taken off and divided into triangular shares and again returned to the dish, and, to complete the mess, a quart of spiced ale was poured in "quite hot—hissing hot; think of that, Master Brook!"

Speaking of Christmas pies, we find the following in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, Jan. 6, 1770:—"Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London, for Sir Hen. Gray, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows; viz., 2 bushels of flour, 20lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkies, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, and 4 partridges; 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 6 pigeons; it is supposed a very great curiosity, was made by Miss Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at the bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

Many of the Christmas customs in England are peculiar, and a large book could be written on this subject alone. We will content ourselves with mentioning only one. At Ramsgate, in Kent, it is usual for a party of young people to procure the head of a dead horse, which they fasten to a pole about four feet in length, and tie a string to the lower jaw. A horse blanket is then attached to the lower part, under which the ringleader gets, and by pulling the string, keeps up a snapping noise. The whole party then proceed from house to house, ringing hand bells and singing songs, and are commonly rewarded with cake or money. So much for England!

The French do not keep Christmas as we do, and a stranger in Paris, who had forgotten the day of the month, could not distinguish it from any other day. Henri Quatre, or somebody else, in days gone by, wished to entertain the English Ambassador on Christmas day, and wishing to do the thing up in style, he procured an excellent recipe for a plum pudding, and gave his cook orders to have it duly prepared. Everything was attended to except one very important item—the king had forgotten to mention a cloth, and the pudding was served up in tureens, like soup.

It is in America that Christmas is enjoyed to its fullest extent. Look at our own great metropolis! The city seems to be a land of pleasant dreams; for everywhere, in every place, the people have a smiling face. The stores are filled with newest goods—with works of Spencer, Lamb's, or Hood's: with binding red, with bindings blue, with albums of a reddish hue. There's silks and satins, chintz and lace, rich bonnets with a faultless grace; drums and whistles, trumpets, toys—everything for girls and boys. It is the reign of the jolly monarch—the good genius of our childhood—Santa Claus, famed in tale and ballad.

Reader, in your journey through life, remember that "to shelter the houseless, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry; to avert the rigors of the season from the needy, and to make the poor man's heart leap for joy, is a recipe for a merry Christmas."

PUGNITATIBUS.—Within the year just closing we have had a great deal of "activity" among professors of the *art pugilistique*, more matches being made and talked of than we ever remember to have noticed in the same given time before. But very few of these matches, however, have come to pass, for by some means or other, something nearly always intervenes to prevent a meeting. At one time, it is owing to a "misunderstanding" about the place of fighting; at another, one party is "overweight," and his backer's money is sacrificed; again, just on the eve of battle, one of the "belligerents" is "arrested," and that ends *that* mill. There is nearly always some obstacle in the way—a wrangle about this thing—about that and the other. And when, by some strange and unaccountable oversight, two men are actually permitted to confront each other in the much-abused magic circle, the strongest "outside party" settles the question in favor of their man, if he is unable to accomplish that much-desired end himself. If the crowd can't get a good chance to win for their representative, they save their stakes and side bets by strategy; that is, by securing "magisterial interference." It seems that the majority of our exponents of the science of manual defence depend more upon outside influences than upon their own individual merits. All these things tend to bring the P. R. into disrepute; but when, added to these, we take into consideration the depredations committed by lawless charac[ters] who "hang on" to the Ring, it is no wonder that the public refuse any longer to countenance pugilistic displays; and until some reformation takes place, and the disgraceful scenes attending nearly every Prize Fight are stopped, the P. R. musclemen cannot look for public favor or support.

"GOING TO HIS DOOM."—When Gen. Sherman was feinting in the vicinity of Macon, Augusta, and other towns in Georgia, in his excursion through that State, the Richmond editors—who gull the Southerners as the London *Times* gulls the Britishers—laid out all sorts of traps and pitfalls—on paper—for the "great raiders," and loudly proclaimed that in marching towards the coast, Sherman was "going to his doom." One of the Savannah quills said that Gen. Foster was endeavoring to secure the Savannah and Charleston railroad, in order that Sherman might have a "means of escape" from the rebel army. It is really laughable to read of the "strategy" and "fearful assaults" made by the Southern paper Generals, who have done more to prolong the war and bring ruin and desolation upon the South than the rebel Congress. But it looks as though the jig was up, and instead of sending Sherman to his doom, the Johnnies are hastening to their own.

THE WARNING VOICE.

IT is now nearly four years since a convention of the people of Georgia was held to consider the propriety of seceding from the United States. In that convention was Alex. H. Stephens (now Vice President of the Southern Confederacy), who made a speech against secession, and in favor of remaining in the Union. The whole South was wild at the time, and the warning voice of Mr. Stephens was unheeded—the convention passed the act, and Georgia at once prepared to act with her Sister States in their hostile attitude towards the United States Government. *Then*, Georgia was happy and prosperous. *Now*, she is humiliated, her rich country laid waste, and desolation is seen on every side. Mr. Stephens was drawn, against his own convictions, into the current of rebellion, and he now sees the wreck he predicted in his speech at the Georgia Convention. From that speech we make the following extract to show how true were the arguments he used against secession, and how painfully have been fulfilled the predictions he then made. Had Georgia but heeded the warnings of Mr. Stephens how different her position would have been to-day, how much better off her now unhappy people. Read this extract from the speech referred to, and say if the arguments therein advanced are not sound and logical. Mr. Stephens said:—

"This step once taken could never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as they would see) will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate? Pause, I intreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourself in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us. What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer."

While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and, believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North, but I am here the friend, the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and, for this reason, I speak thus plainly and faithfully for yours, mine and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness), of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country. When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years?

When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that, in many instances, they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individual and local communities, they have done so; but not by the sanction of Government, for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another fact. When we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act, do not destroy this hope, and, perhaps, by it, lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were, or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation which may reasonably be expected to follow. But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the General Government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it and are united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the Executive Department. So of the Judges of the Supreme Court—we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the free States, yet a majority of the Court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the legislative branch of Government.

In choosing the presiding Presidents (*pro tem.*) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the General Government. Attorney Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world's markets for our cotton, tobacco and sugar, on the best possible terms.

We have had a vast majority of the higher officers of both army and navy, while a large proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors and comptrollers filling the Executive Department; the record shows, for the last fifty years, that, of three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one third of the republic. Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest: it is that of revenue, or means of supporting Government. From official documents we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of Government has uniformly been raised from the North. Pause now, while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American Government established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of right, justice and humanity? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest Government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of Heaven ever shone upon.

Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly and wickedness to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote.

SAVANNAH CAPTURED.—Glad tidings reach us from General Sherman's Army to the effect that Savannah is taken and "occupied and possessed" by our forces. The General himself sendeth to President Lincoln, greeting, the following terse dispatch:—

"SAVANNAH, GA., Thursday, Dec. 22, 1864.

"*His Excellency, President Lincoln:*

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the City of Savannah with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

"W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen."

LOST ITS FOOTE.—The heretofore irrepressible Foote made a sort of funeral oration in the Rebel Congress a few days since, predicting all manner of evil things as the result of Jeff. Davis' policy, pitching into that arch-traitor with remarkable fervor and fiery fury, and taking his leave of public life, etc. Rats, they say, always desert a sinking ship, and we are not surprised at the rebellious Foote stepping ashore before the "Confed." goes down.

LIVELY.—What with the sleighing, and skating, and shopping, New York has had a lively week of it, despite the unpropitious weather during part of the time. We scarcely know which created the greatest enthusiasm, the sleighing or the skating; both, however, were largely indulged in. Now that an ordinance has been passed against salting the streets, we anticipate a perfect carnival when next the snow falls heavily.

TIRED OF LIFE.—Andy Fay, the well known oarsman, attempted to take his own life, by shooting himself in the breast, twice or thrice with a pistol, on Saturday, the 24th inst. Whether they have proved fatal or not, we do not know at this writing. What could have induced Andy to attempt the rash act is a mystery to us.

SHINNY.—This is a favorite game with youths, and they appear to enjoy it as much as do their fathers and brothers the games of base ball and cricket. Very few of them know that shinny is governed by a set of rules, we opine; and therefore, for their enlightenment, we have given publicity to them in this week's CLIPPER.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF CONNECTICUT.—The date of the match between Gershom B. Hubbell, of Hartford, the holder of the Champion Cue, and his challenger, G. B. Hunt, of Bridgeport, is not yet definitely fixed, but it will probably take place about the middle of February next.

NOT RECOVERED.—The body of Horace F. Jones, who was recently drowned in the Delaware river, has not yet been recovered. A reward of $500 is offered for the body.

ADVERTISERS will please notice that their favors for next week's CLIPPER can be handed in up to Tuesday afternoon, as we shall not go to press until Tuesday evening, for that week only.

CRICKET.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB AVERAGES FOR 1864.

The St. George Club of New York, the oldest cricket organization in the country, went through last season with a similar amount of success to that which has marked its career since it first occupied its present desirable location. Out of six first eleven matches in which they were engaged, they lost but one, viz., that with the American players of Philadelphia. They were last season minus the services of Messrs. Gibbs, Napier, Hardinge, and others, who took part in the previous season's games, but next year the former will be with them again, besides which, some three or four new arrivals from over the water, whose averages have been note-worthy. Prominent among the batsmen of last season, we find Messrs. Torrance, J. W. Gordon, H. Wright, Bainbridge, G. Wright and Todd, those being the only players whose averages exceed 7, the former taking the lead. Mr. Kendall was very unfortunate in his batting, the first ball taking his wicket each time in three matches. He made up the deficiency, however, by his effective bowling, he taking the most wickets during the season, H. Wright being second on the list, and George Wright third. Below are the averages:—

BATTING.

Name.	Matches	Innings, not Outs not included	Runs	Most in an Innings	Most in a Match	Number of times not scoring	Number of times not out	Average and over
Bainbridge	4	6	61	22	23	–	1	10-1
Ford	7	9	58	14	17	2	1	6-4
Gordon, J. W.	5	7	75	30	30	–	–	10-5
Gordon, G	4	5	21	14	14	–	1	4-1
Haughton	6	8	20	5	5	3	1	2-4
Kendall	8	11	10	4	6	6	1	—
Mumford	5	7	16	9	10	2	–	2-2
Outerbridge	3	4	19	12	12	1	–	4-3
Pomeroy	2	4	6	3	6	2	–	2-1
Robinson, R.	3	4	13	11	11	1	–	3-1
Sinclair, T. M.	2	2	4	4	4	1	–	2-
Todd	6	10	88	68	68	2	–	8-8
Torrance	3	4	57	20	28	–	–	14-1
Vanderlip	5	5	24	7	13	2	3	4-4
Wright, G	4	8	77	31	51	2	–	9-5
Wright, H	4	8	85	27	29	1	–	10-5

BOWLING.

Name.	Balls	Runs	Maidens	Wickets	Wides	Average and Over	Balls to a Wicket.
Haughton	120	36	7	5	8	7-1	24-
Kendall	549	275	16	44	–	6-11	12-21
Todd	252	66	17	7	14	9-3	36-
Torrance	54	18	2	–	9	18-	54-
Wright, G	215	62	26	14	5	4-6	15-5
Wright, H	648	89	104	31	*1	2-27	20-28

* That one wide was the first ball in the second innings at Philadelphia, when he stepped on the side of a hole, twisting his ankle.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB AVERAGES.

THE averages of the New York Cricket Club for the season of 1864 show a great improvement over last season in the number of matches played; also in the quality of the batting and bowling. Forty-eight members have played in the nineteen matches, seven of which were first class, eight second, and four third. They won three first and one drawn, five second, in addition to two balls given up without playing, which entitles the second to seven matches and the third two, making twelve matches and one drawn. Below are the figures:—

BATTING.

Names of Players.	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs	Most in an Innings.	Least in an Innings.	Most in a Match	Least in a Match	Times Out Without Scoring	Times not Out	Average	Over
Higham	7	11	251	58	1	58	12	-	1	22	9
Marsh	5	8	78	53	—	61	—	3	-	9	6
Crossley	6	9	78	26	1	47	1	2	2	8	6
Sharp	6	10	87	27	—	37	—	2	-	8	7
Sadler	3	5	24	12	2	19	2	1	1	4	4
Suydam	13	20	120	18	1	34	1	3	1	6	—
Hudson	8	13	158	33	1	61	1	-	-	12	2
Bailliere	3	5	10	5	—	5	—	3	-	2	—
Oakley	10	16	218	46	—	46	3	1	1	13	10
Hammond	6	11	58	21	—	27	1	4	-	5	3
Hall	8	12	107	34	—	34	2	2	-	8	11
Moore	5	8	49	27	—	28	1	3	1	6	1
Byron	7	11	161	82	1	47	7	-	1	14	7
Lester	2	3	3	3	—	3	—	2	-	1	—
Neff	9	16	72	17	—	24	2	4	-	4	8
Tyler	13	19	155	*38	—	38	1	3	5	8	3
Hamer	3	2	35	18	8	22	3	-	3	17	1
Weaving	2	3	14	11	—	11	3	1	-	4	2
Podmore	4	7	16	4	—	7	—	3	1	2	2
North	5	6	49	29	—	29	—	1	-	8	1
Miller	2	3	32	18	7	25	7	-	-	10	2
Bull	6	9	52	29	—	32	2	3	1	5	7
Lindsay	1	1	18	18	18	18	18	-	-	18	—
Butler	4	6	57	38	—	42	—	1	-	9	3
Shaw	2	2	19	17	2	17	2	-	-	9	1
Adams	2	2	19	19	—	19	—	1	-	9	1
Knott	6	10	44	16	—	16	3	4	2	4	4
T. Crossley	6	10	107	*44	—	58	2	1	2	10	7
Burt	2	4	20	13	—	16	4	1	-	5	—
Torbert	2	4	12	5	—	10	2	2	1	3	—
Robb	3	5	12	8	—	8	—	4	1	2	2
White	5	9	10	3	—	4	—	4	1	1	1
Steward	1	1	6	6	6	6	6	-	-	6	—
Parkin	1	2	6	3	8	6	6	-	-	3	—
Eastham	1	2	28	15	13	28	28	-	-	14	—
Garrison	1	1	6	6	6	6	6	-	-	6	—
Maddock	6	9	26	11	—	20	—	3	1	2	8
Draper	1	1	5	5	5	5	5	-	-	5	—
Langford	3	5	14	4	2	6	3	-	-	2	4
Radliff	2	2	24	*20	1	23	1	-	1	12	—
Horton	2	2	7	5	—	7	—	2	2	3	1
Clifton	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	-	-	2	—
Culmer	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	-	-	1	—
Beech	2	2	5	5	—	5	—	3	-	2	1
Leister, Jr.	1	1	12	*11	1	12	12	-	1	12	—
Seeley	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	-	1	—
Mellish	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	-	1	—
Murray	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	-	-	2	—

* The star denotes not out.

BOWLING.

Bowlers' Names.	Number of Balls	Number of Runs	Number of Maidens	Number of Wickets	Number of Wides	Number of Runs to Each Wicket and Over	Number of Balls to Each Wicket and Over
Marsh	405	84	48	22	8	3-18	18-9
Bailliere	262	100	24	10	12	10	26-2
Hammond	377	129	29	17	15	7-10	22-3
North	388	85	22	14	19	6-1	27-10
Crossley	477	135	43	27	2	5	17-18
Adams	180	45	11	10	4	4-5	18
Hudson*	28	10	3	2	1	5	14
Miller	168	46	10	4	3	10-6	42
Lester	131	30	12	9	20	3-3	14-5
Byron	53	25	4	-	1	—	—
Draper	32	7	8	1	1	7	32
Sadler	289	126	13	9	6	14	26-5
Garrison	94	45	3	5	2	9	18-4
Jackson	150	32	6	5	5	6-2	30
Beech	177	73	7	11	2	6-7	16-1
Radliff	64	11	5	1	5	11	64
Lindsay	48	4	6	1	5	4	48
Suydam	685	233	27	36	34	6-17	19-1
Hamer	102	28	4	2	18	14	51
Oakley	312	119	18	28	6	4-7	11-4
Tyler*	361	159	10	34	—	4-23	10-21
Hall*	60	40	—	5	—	8	12
Neff*	32	8	—	1	—	8	32
Burt*	234	109	5	18	—	5-13	13
Weaving*	56	38	2	5	—	7-3	11-1
Butler*	70	85	—	9	—	3-8	7-7
Robb*	30	24	—	2	—	12	15

* The star denotes underhand bowling.

BALL PLAY.

The Junior Association of Base Ball Players will meet on WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28th, at GALLAN COTTAGE, Bowery. By order. JAMES CLARK, Pres't.
J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y. 38-1t*

BASE BALL MATCHES ON THE ICE.

LAST winter the Hoboken clubs tried a game of ball on the ice on Sylvan Lake, but owing to the wildness of the day the ice broke up before the game was half played. Sufficient was done, however, to show that the sport was interesting, and that under favorable circumstances a contest between two good nines would lead to exciting sport. Several matches have been played on the skating ponds of Brooklyn. The first was between the Atlantic and Charter Oak Clubs in 1860, and attracted some eight or ten thousand people. Another was played on the Nassau Pond the year following, since which time no similar match has been played. This winter, however, a grand affair is to take place in the way of a ball match on the ice, a match having been arranged between the champion nine of the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn, and a selected nine of the Hoboken Clubs. The match is to be played on the Capitoline Skating Lake—the best pond for the purpose near the metropolis—and the time appointed will be published as soon as the ice is in fit condition to bear the immense crowd that will throng to the pond on the occasion. The proprietors have set apart a day for their own special use, when all will have to pay for admission, and this day being the only one on which they can have command of the pond for the purpose of keeping off the crowd and affording the players a clear field, they intend having the match on the morning of the day, and a grand fancy dress carnival in the evening.

All of the Atlantic nine are good skaters, some of them ranking A No. 1. The Hoboken club can turn out a good crowd too, who are expert on skates, Walker, the pitcher of the Active, being a first-class skater—so are the two Wrights of the Gotham club. In fact, a first rate skating nine can be selected from three or four of the clubs playing at Hoboken, and experienced as the Atlantics are in ball playing on the ice, if we mistake not, they will find their match in their Hoboken adversaries. The contest attracts considerable attention, and there will, no doubt, be an immense assemblage present on the occasion. The Hoboken nine should be selected at once, and have a game with a nine of their own preliminary to the match at Brooklyn. The Sylvan Lake can be procured for such a purpose any day if timely notice be given. A return match might be arranged to take place at

Hoboken. The players in the contest at Brooklyn will find a nice hot dinner prepared for them after the game is over, and a chance for a gay time in the Carnival of the evening.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF JUNIOR BASE BALL PLAYERS met, pursuant to a call of the secretary, on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., at the Gotham Cottage, Bowery. A quorum not being present, the president declared the meeting adjourned to next Wednesday, Dec. 28th. All clubs are requested to send delegates to the next meeting. See secretary's notice in advertising columns.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs. ....$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " .... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from....................$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 35-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS O. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY......................Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

THE X-IO-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.......................Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

Arbor House,
NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & MIKE J. HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE............................Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35-6m] A. S. DOLE.

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS................................Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8, P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION at all hours of the Day and Evening.
Gloves furnished by the proprietor, free of charge.
17 OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

Bowery Saloon,
BY L. MAGHER.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
N. E. Corner of 4th and Lombard sts., Phila. 36 4t*

A PUGILISTIC CONTRACT
BETWEEN
JAMES DUNN AND WILLIAM M. DAVIS

was entered into, and articles "sealed, signed and delivered" on the 23d inst. The meeting was a most amicable one in every respect, and if the same kind of conduct is manifested by the principals and their friends to the end of the chapter, it needs no prophet to foretell that the fight will be honorably managed and a correct knowledge of who is the better man arrived at. They are to fight for from $1000 to $3000 a side, on Wednesday, March 22d, in Pennsylvania, but the exact locality is not yet known. As the articles of agreement tell the whole story in detail, and as a match between two men of such repute and calibre must naturally excite unwonted interest, we here transcribe them from the original articles:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN JAMES DUNN AND WILLIAM M. DAVIS,

entered into this 23d day of December, 1864. The said James Dunn agrees to fight the said W. M. Davis a fair stand up fight according to the New Rules of the London Prize Ring, by which the said James Dunn and W. M. Davis mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of not less than one thousand dollars a side—more if mutually agreed to—and shall take place on Wednesday, March 22d, 1865, in the State of Pennsylvania, the precise spot to be tossed for. In pursuance of this agreement, $70 a side are now deposited in the hands of —— to be transferred to the final stakeholder as soon as he shall be agreed upon. The second deposit of $130 a side shall be made at the house of George Breslin, No. 19 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, January 4th, 1865; the third deposit of $100 a side at the house of John Dwyer, Albany Shades, Houston street, on Wednesday, January 4th; the fourth deposit of $100 a side at the house of Patrick Keenan, corner of Baltic and Columbia streets, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, January 11th; the fifth deposit of $100 a side at the house of Rocky Moore, No. 14 East Houston street, N. Y., on Wednesday, January 18th; the sixth deposit of $100 a side at the house of Patsy Nolan, No. 203 Centre street, on Wednesday, January 25th; the seventh deposit of $100 a side at the house of Phil. Clare, No. 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, February 1st; the eighth deposit of $100 a side at the house of Thomas Caton, No. 274 Hicks street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, February 8th; the ninth deposit of $100 a side at the house of Izzy Lazarus, The Fallstaff, Centre street, N.Y., on Wednesday, February 15th; the tenth and last deposit of $100 a side at the house of Jem Colbert, corner of Houston and Crosby sts., N. Y., on Wednesday, February 22d, where the toss for choice of ground shall take place. All the deposits shall be made between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., and the parties failing shall forfeit the money down. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. That in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day. That the expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, till fairly won or lost by a fight. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

WILLIAM M. DAVIS.
JAMES DUNN.

THE TOM O'DONNELL JUBILEE.
GREAT TURN OUT.
EXCITING SCENES AND CHALLENGES.
DAVIS THROWS OFF THE GLOVES.
McLAIN PITTED AGAINST COBURN BY THE OPPOSITION, AND HOW HE FARED.

As we reiterated on a former occasion, whether it was weather or no weather, Tom O'Donnell was bound to have a good house on his benefit night. It was out of the question to expect anything otherwise when we knew that the majority of the tickets were in the hands of men who were good for $25 even if they never sold a ticket, because they were sure not to turn any back, and when the full house is taken into consideration, at a dollar a head, when Old Tom shall have made up his book and marked off all the gay sports as "paid," we think the least figure on the balance side, after paying all expenses, ought to be $500; and if it's that, it's not doing so bad after all, and will come in particularly good about this time, after his long and painful illness, for people can't be sick for nothing—they have to pay for it, and pay for it dearly. Had it not have happened so close on election, when the boys now, instead of being "reimbursed" for services, are expected to help along the candidate with money themselves, and provided the Assembly Rooms could have been secured (which they couldn't), O'Donnell might have picked up $1000 as easy as not, but we question very much whether any sporting man could have done better under the circumstances. People knew that Tom was too sick to think of putting a glove on, so that it couldn't have been to see him box, however much they'd like to, that they went—it was for auld acquaintance sake, and to testify their admiration of the man. And such a night, too—it was cold enough to freeze brass monkeys, and slippery enough under foot to give the most bigoted anti-liquor man all he could do to keep the ground from striking his nose, or flying up behind and catching him on the—trowsers. And yet with all this, folks got up out of sick beds and hobbled down on sticks and staves, like poor old worn-out sailors, to testify what they thought of the *beneficiaire*. Tommy Burns was there, and his "darling old stick," which we'd rather see him without any time; Mike Express, the Enthusiast, and his friend, Quigley; Long Patsy Curry, from the land of bog oak and blackthorns, a foine specimen of the tall young Irish gentleman; Izzy Lazarus, who, we hear, threatens shortly to try the Banting system of feeding, so as to get in balancing order for the spring running handicaps; Sam McLaughlin, the jockey; Harry Higgins, H. Holcomb, and Ed Wilson, from the Wilson House; Owney Geoghegan, with his unmistakable stiff-rimmed hat; Steve Gordon, "his bolivars," who seems to grow younger, especially after every tonsorial operation; George Day, and Simon Kehoe with his new chain; Oriental Burns, who lately "struck oil;" Johnny Currey, one of Eighteen's fellers; Jim Saunders, ex-Customs, better known as Honest Jim; Charley Grovesteen, from the Champion; Jim Cusick, the attentive student, with a mission to perform; Andy Sheenan, Dan Burns, Cuningham, and no end of conspicuous sporting mugs.

The crowded state of the auditory made it requisite, after the first set-to, for Uncle Tovee to play a part similar to that of a theatrical call boy; he had to call forth his bantlings from the mimic stage, and the first couple thus introduced were Johnny Lazarus and Mike Nunan, who first off seemed to be well matched and to get along swimmingly; but, as if by magic, a change came o'er the scene—somebody shouted for Nunan to give it to Lazarus, and a similar rejoinder was not long in coming from the Lazarus side of the house, which did cause their dander to arise, and they did go in, Nunan's steadiness giving him much better opportunities for hitting Jack and avoiding his returns. Lazarus was sure to lead off, and as he did so with a half-stooping gait, Nunan, by getting on his toes and keeping a stiff guard, invariably managed to get his blows home, and with no little severity. Warming to his work and encouraged by the endearing shouts of the audience, who evidenced a decided sympathy for the Brooklyn youth, as they progressed in the good work, Mickey determined to do a bit of wrestling, and actually managed to place the Ex-Californian *hors du combat* three times amid much shouting. We don't know what's got into Jack lately—his former wonderful skill seems to be leaving him fast; and whereas before he left for California, when he used to spar with Young Dutch Sam, Mike Trainor, Billy Donnelly, Harry Lazarus, and others, in such a style as to create rounds of applause whenever he appeared, he now seems to have lost all his ambition, and to have got so indifferent as not to mind who he sets-to with, or who bests him. The sooner Jack gets rid of this indifference the better 'twill be for him in the end; he should either make up his mind to spar only when he feels right, or else stop figuring at exhibitions, because every additional man he contends against, unless Jack does better than of late, will do him no good in the estimation of his friends, but materially injure his prospects in life. This advice, remember, is given in all kindness, and we hope will be so taken.

Mike Coburn and Barney Aaron's introduction led to quite a bit of a stir, as it was the first time they'd ever met this way, and knowing the feeling of antipathy of Aaron to the Coburns, it was natural to expect for Barney to best him if he could. Mickey knew his man's reputation for agility and cleverness too well to throw any chances away, so they were no sooner facing each other than Coburn put on his safest guard, and kept himself in a position so as to be able to get back quick or land with Barney when he came. Aaron, too, was as serious as a church steeple, and took care to see that all his vulnerable points were well protected. For a time there was the greatest caution on both sides, and somebody suggested that they sit down to it, for had they been fighting in earnest, there couldn't have been less desire to get to work. After a while the rivals began to think so, too, and after various invitations to sail in, finally began to let out at each other some good solid thumps, where Mickey was with Barney every time, and kept him at bay better than we ever dreamed him capable of, for heretofore Barney's extraordinary activity has enabled him to make a holy show of men even bigger than himself. This state of things began to make the Aaronites look queer—they didn't know what to make of it, nor us either, for we expected to see Barney perform a great deal better than he did. Getting encouragement on finding how well he was making out, Mickey often afterwards essayed to lead off, and as one or the other copped it, or whether they did or not, the factions resolved to make up for all deficiencies by keeping up plenty of shouting. It was getting more and more interesting as it progressed, until at the end of the different rounds, when they went to clinch and struggle for the fall, and then there was the devil's own hullabaloo—"Good boy, Michael! Go in, Mike!" we could hear ascending in familiar notes in one part of the house while the speaker twirled up his "skitthering" hat, perfectly indifferent as to whether it ever came down again or not—in another it was, "Why don't yer smash him, Barney?" in half angry, commanding tones, as though all one had to do was to say the word and it would be all over. In the wrestling, Coburn proved himself more than Aaron's match, as he chucked him three times, whereas the Londoner only downed Mickey once. Taken all through, it caused quite an excitement. With a presentiment that he hadn't satisfied everybody too well, Barney rushed in haste to the footlights and thus he did say: "I'll fight any man in the world at 120lbs for $2000 a side!" This was possibly intended for Mickey Coburn, although at nearly every exhibition where Barney has set-to of late he has finished with the same challenge, but Mickey made no response. Hardly had Aaron disappeared than Mike Nunan stepped forward and said he'd fight Barney Aaron at catch weight for $1000, which caused a reaction, and Nunan became the lion of the hour. They wanted to make the match there and then, but we were glad to see it stopped, as there's blowing and humbugging enough at exhibitions without these petty wrangles and jealousies, and unless matters are conducted more in accordance with decency and order hereafter, the boxers will have themselves alone to blame if this, the only hall where sparring is tolerated, is taken away from them altogether, and they are left out in the cold. If a man must do all his own challenging from the stage, let him state where and when he'll meet his man, and then we shall know that it isn't just for the sake of being "the talk of an hour" that he struts and fumes and makes public his grievances, about which the public don't care two straws.

This hubble-bubble over, Messrs. Byron and Solomon, of the Melodeon, tried to soften the somewhat rough state of affairs by singing the duet, "Larboard Watch," but it was evidently wasted sweetness and out of place at this particular time.

A hue and cry now arose for Mr. Geoghegan—Owney Geoghegan—on Mr. Tovee asking if there was anybody in the room who would spar with Jim Dunn, Owney responded that he would if nobody else would. A running fire of conversation was kept up between the Veteran and Owney, and when the former notified the latter that Jim Kerrigan would set-to with him, Owney told William "that he was roping him in and he wouldn't set-to at all now." William denied the roping, and there the conversation ended.

Con Foley and Billy McLean, two big fellows, then indulged in a regular good old fashioned glove encounter, hitting out with a vim refreshing to observe with heavy weights, both straight, scientific, and heavily, and stopping with a nicety and precision well worthy of emulation among others of like calibre. Foley we haven't seen do so well for many a long day, and this set-to was appreciated by all. Con couldn't go back on his old friend, O'Donnell, and hence, even if he got broke for it, as he enthusiastically observed to George McKay, he was bound to go down town and spar.

Carman and Grady's method of attack and defence are too well known to dwell upon here—we can only do them the justice to say that they were engaged in a good cause and took some sluggers hard enough to knock a fellow's bugle clean through his head. The two Johnnies are very affectionate and hit very hard.

Frawley, a queer built young fellow, with "long arms and little eyes, big body and no thighs," and Jim Kerrigan's box, was nothing like as interesting as it would have been had Geoghegan and Kerrigan got at it, but such as it was, added to the collection. Frawley's style was so antique that it would be hard to say who we have capable of making a little fun out of it unless it be Terrible Gardner. Kerrigan must have knights more worthy of his glove hereafter, which Mr. Tovee will please look to.

Owing to a little argument which occurred between Joe Coburn and one of the opposition just before Joe went back on the stage to strip for the wind up, and from a preconcerted gathering in a particular section of the house, we fully expected and were prepared to hear some more "chinning" before meeting was dismissed. At length Tovee appeared on the stage leading the two athletes, Bill Davis and Joe Coburn, before introducing whom, however, "the old man eloquent" returned thanks on behalf of Tom O'Donnell, and then he repeated the names above alluded to. As Davis faced Coburn, and the latter landed a couple of left-handers as easy as you please, the clique clamored for Davis to "go in and not be made a chopping block of," which disconcerted the Californian, and he spoke out boldly and manfully to the effect that "Mr. Coburn had been to England and bested some of the best men there, and he (Davis) didn't see anything to be ashamed of in being bested; he never professed to be a sparrer, nor never told anybody he could spar; but he was willing to fight any man in the country for $1000." [Bravo, Davis! from a small party of sympathisers.] Then Coburn spoke a piece, in which he denied any charge of attempting to take advantage of Mr. Davis; but if the audience were not satisfied with their set-to, he would spar with any other gentleman in the house. Then the opposition raised its voice (if not numerous they had powerful lungs) and clamored for McLain. "McLain! McLain!! McLain!!!" they shouted; but there was little or no necessity for all this commotion, for Billy's name hadn't been mentioned twice before he was stripped and waiting for Davis to take off the gloves, which we thought was very disrespectful to the Californian, who had come from Philadelphia to help along Tom O'Donnell and not to be snubbed as a mere schoolboy. The best thing Billy could have done would have been to explain to the audience that after Davis had concluded, he would follow—and Davis would no doubt have waived his claim and handed the gloves over to him; but, no! Mac was excited—he either forgot his usual good manners, or wanted to belittle the stranger, and seized the gloves as eagerly as if they were gold bags. This farce was hardly over before Jim Dunn appeared on the stage, and said that he'd fight Davis or any other man in the country for $1000 or $2000, when there was more "chinning," and things began to get so clamorous that we were on the eve of sending to McArone for reinforcements, when the stage was once more cleared for the climax of the evening. At any other time but the present, we should have liked to have seen McLain set-to with Coburn, because the latter would have taken no advantage, or tried to make his blows and falls felt so unmistakably as he did on this occasion. It was as though all the Opposition were combined in one man, and to have been selected as that party we consider anything but an honor to Billy, because it made him the object of all the malice—the Opposition did the hollering, which never hurt anybody yet; but McLain had to take the thumps and falls, which peculiarity we think, by this time, even Billy himself cannot see the philosophy of. What if he got both eyes blackened, a split nose, dislocated ankle, or broken arm, where would be his satisfaction afterwards, and wouldn't people laugh at him for being such a fool as to be roped into it? For such a set-to as McLain had with Coburn he ought to be rewarded liberally by the "friends" who put up the job for him. We never saw Coburn so full of mischief, or avail himself of every little opportunity to give McLain a sickening. Three times he threw him very severely, and once or twice got McLain's head into a very critical position. Taking everything into consideration, though, Mac came off better than we expected, but we think it will be a long time ere he allows himself to be roped into any such an unprofitable snap again.

COBURN AND HIS ENEMIES.

PISTOLS AND THINGS—A CORRESPONDENT WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER—HIS FLIGHT FROM THE STUYVESANT—A FEW EXPLANATORY AND CONCILIATORY REMARKS—NOBODY HURT BUT SOME SCARED.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1864.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Sir:*—I attended a sparring benefit at a hall on Broadway last Thursday evening, and as some of the scenes there enacted were entirely incomprehensible to me, I write for a little information. I had noticed a rather noisy party occupying a position on the left of the hall, but thought nothing out of the way, until Coburn appeared on the stage, when they yelled and howled and groaned and foamed like a number of escaped madmen, using all manner of threatening language; and I heard one low-sized, thin-faced man say, "There's twenty of us 'fixed' for him if he does anything wrong, and I wont be the last to have a pop at him!" At the same time I could distinctly hear the clicks of several revolvers, which they appeared to carry in their overcoat pockets. The excitement during Mr. Coburn's spar with another man got to be so intense that myself and a number of others made a general stampede for the door before it was over, to prevent being shot by these desperadoes. I hadn't attended an entertainment of this kind for some years, but it will be longer before I again venture in a crowd of men who publicly exhibit their revolvers as was done on this occasion. I would like to ask why this particular party are so much opposed to Coburn? What has he done? In case an attack had been made on him, and he had killed one or more, do you think he would have been justified in so doing by the law? Are such scenes of ordinary occurrence at this hall? By answering the above queries, you will oblige Yours, etc., J. McG.

We give our correspondent's letter just as he has written it, because it treats upon a subject which is getting more and more to be condemned by the better class of patrons of this particular sport, who, owing to the bawdy house, foul-mouthed, scurrilous language used by parties among the audience, are gradually dropping off in their attendance until, in course of time, sparring exhibitions will become discountenanced altogether, and have to be conducted as secretly as dog-fighting. Rum is no excuse at all for such conduct, and, it is very strange that where so much real fun and pleasure can be enjoyed, man's worse nature should get the better of him, and a hall of mirth be turned into a den of wild animals, for we have seen lots of times when a stranger was much safer at a menagerie than he was at the Stuyvesant. People don't go to exhibitions to hear rival factions abuse each other in their particular choice and elegant literature, and if these parties think so they are very much mistaken. Still they do it regardless of what other people care or think, and this very fact it is which will ere long work out its own end—by and bye, only the factions will attend, and then a poor fellow's chances for making a stake will look very unhealthy, we can tell you. Now for J. McG.'s letter. In some respects his story is a correct one, as there was a Babylonian demonstration, or confusion of tongues, and he may have heard the remark made, he says he did about parties being "fixed," but we do think his ears were a little over-sensitive and muchly unstrung when he heard "the click of the revolvers," for our reporter, together with Frank Burns, Charley Grovesteen, Tom Mack, Van. Cott, Mike Express, and others, was within a few feet of where all the talking was going on, and none of these heard the first sign of a "click"—as for the alleged public exhibition of fire arms, that's all poppy cock. What the particular nature of their grievance is against Coburn we know not, neither do we care, as we have nothing to do with anybody's private quarrels, but there never was a champion yet who didn't have enemies continually picking at and fault-finding with him, owing, we suppose, to a spirit of jealousy at his success and position. That Coburn is fully able to take care of himself, single-handed, under all circumstances, is a fact that his bitterest enemies must admit, and no trouble need be anticipated unless he is overpowered by numbers, when, if he shoots one or more in self-defence, we are satisfied that no jury could ever be empanelled to convict him. Men who carry pistols only use them in the last extremity, as they know and expect retaliation, and no man thinks so much of anybody's life as his own, and therefore they are slow to commence the murderous assault. Besides, all these men are known—well known all over the country, and their capture would be a moral certainty sooner or later, and therefore there is less danger of an affray than many anticipate. Of course, spats and snarls will occur in the best regulated families, and pugilists and their backers are far from being an exception to this rule; but we know they have too much sense to get into a serious difficulty—which they would be sorry for to the end of their days, and those who think these men foolhardy or totally reckless, are very far from the mark. Considering their temptations, they get into less trouble than any other class of the community; and liberty is too sweet to risk being confined in prison walls for the sake of gratifying a little petty malice. We can assure J. McG. that things are not as bad as they look, although they might be much better, and he need not have made such a precipitous retreat from the old Stuyvesant, never to return. It was a bit of excitement, to be sure, and it was, perhaps, as well to be on the safe side; but we hope never to have to recur to such an unpleasant topic again. There's room enough for all, and it is a boxer's pride to be the last man to commence a disturbance; for this reason we anticipate none of the sanguinary scenes as pictured in our correspondent's imagination, but at the same time think his hints will be the means of doing some good in the land, and hence we print them. In the language of Washington's general, Artemus, "We may be happy yet!" Thus endeth the first lesson.

MACE WILL FIGHT COBURN IN CANADA.

Mace publishes the following card in the *Sporting Life* of Dec. 10th: "Several statements have been made public by your contemporaries, calculated to misrepresent me in the eyes of the public and those gentlemen who have supported me through my career. I have commenced legal proceedings against the editor of *Bell's Life* for having wrongfully handed over a sum of £500 to Mr. Brunton. The endeavor to make it appear that other persons are 'trading on my name' in this matter, is not deserving of serious notice. I may inform you that these proceedings have been instigated by some of my oldest friends and gentlemen who found money for the match with Coburn, and who cannot get it refunded. No other explanation is necessary at the present moment, as the entire case will speedily come before the public, and can then be judged on its merits. Let me add, in conclusion, that I shall fight the winner of the forthcoming battle for the Championship, and in order that Coburn may have every chance, I have determined to fight him in Canada, and have already commenced negotiations for that purpose. Yours, &c.

December 9. JEM MACE

A PROTEST FROM JIMMY ELLIOTT.—In regard to certain statements that have been made reflecting upon him, Jimmy writes us a letter dated Trenton, Dec. 21, 1864, in which he says:—"Mr. Editor, allow me to say, through your paper, that I saw in the *World* of Dec. 16th, a paragraph, of which I have no doubt but that Gibson was the author, relating to the fight between Dunn and me. Now every one that saw that fight knows that Dunn did not have a shadow of a chance. I fought him 12 rounds in 35m., and he never gave me a scratch; and I claim that I was robbed out of that fight. Now, if I was beaten by a man who would not hit me in the face once in thirty-five minutes, how is it that no man in the United States dare fight me from the day I fought Dunn till the day I was arrested, between which events eighteen months had elapsed? Yours respectfully, JAMES ELLIOTT.

TROJAN CHANGED HANDS.—The trotting horse, Trojan, together with the sleigh and fixings, has been purchased from Tommy Burns by Joe Coburn, who, during the late snow storms, has given him plenty of exercise in the Park and Breakneck lane. The Champion makes a big stir on the road, and is bound to go it while he's young. Hip lar! G'lang!

BIG RAFFLE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—On Saturday evening, New Year's eve, the trotting horse, Trojan, together with a handsome sleigh and complete set of harness and buffalo robes, will be raffled for at the White House, 113 Grand street, the aforesaid property belonging to Joe Coburn. There are to be 100 chances at $10 a chance, and already quite a number have been disposed of. Tickets may be had at the White House.

A FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—On Christmas Day Joe Coburn was presented with a valuable farm of 160 acres, situated in the State of Minnesota, 150 miles from St. Paul, under a good state of cultivation, by his friend, Capt. David Trundy. This is something like a Christmas box for a boxer, and deserves to be recorded as something most extraordinary. When the Champion intends to take possession we know not, but it's a nice piece of property to have.

A ROMAN ALMANAC.—Among the interesting discoveries which are being daily made at Pompeii, that of a Roman Almanac deserves to be recorded. It is engraved on a white marble slab, found in the vicinity of the Isis gate, and contains the indications of the months arranged by threes in vertical columns. Each column is headed with the signs of the zodiac pertaining to the month it contains, and curious indications concerning the agriculture and religion of the Romans are interspersed here and there. At the top of each column, under the sign of the zodiac, there is the name of the month and the number of days. Next follow the *nonæ*, which during eight months of the year begin on the fifth day—a circumstance explaining why they were called *quintanæ* in these months, while in the remaining ones they received the name of *septimanæ* on account of their beginning on the seventh day. The *ides* are not marked, because the interval between them and the *nonæ* was invariably seven days. The number of diurnal and nocturnal hours is also marked on the almanac, the integers being expressed in common Roman figures, and the fractions by an *s* for *semi*, or by small horizontal lines for the quarters. The equinoxes and the summer solstice are also marked; while opposite to the winter solstice there are the words: *Hiemis initium* (the beginning of water). Next comes the agricultural chapter, in which the farmer is reminded of the chief operations to be performed each month. The religious section is not the least interesting. It tells us which of the gods is the tutelar one of the month; it also gives us the principal religious festivals, and advises the farmer, if he would have a good harvest, not to neglect the worship of the protecting divinities. At the top of the marble slab, Apollo is seen driving the car of the sun; and at the bottom, Ceres is seen reaping a field. From all this information, put into the almanac, it was evidently intended for the rural population. It has now been placed in the Museum of Naples.

BILLIARDS.

DESTROYING BILLIARD TABLES.
CURIOUS STATE OF THE LAW.

A case came up for adjudication at the Grand street Justice Court, Williamsburgh, on the 21st Dec., which involves so materially the interests of billiard room proprietors, and at the same time reveals so curious a state of the law in this State, that we give particulars. About two months ago, Messrs. Willet & Bro., proprietors of the well-known hotel, the "Maison Doree," corner of Clymer street and Division avenue, Williamsburgh, fitted up an elegant billiard room in the Union Hall, in which they placed three of Phelan & Collender's Standard American tables. These were the first tables of this manufacture that had been introduced into that part of Williamsburgh, and the most strenuous efforts were made by some rival manufacturers of billiard tables resident there to induce the Messrs. Willet to furnish their room with other tables, fearful if the Standard American tables were once introduced and their superiority discovered, their own inferior productions would soon be discarded altogether by billiard players. One of them even went so far as to threaten that if the Messrs. Willet persisted in placing Phelan & Collender's tables in their room, they would not be allowed to remain, but should be driven out of the city. Undeterred by such threats, and convinced of the great superiority of the tables in question, the proprietors furnished their room with three of them, and almost immediately after the opening it was discovered that some party or parties had maliciously attempted to injure and disfigure the tables by cutting the cloth close to the cushions with a sharp instrument, and with such force as to scratch the slate bed of the table; cutting off the pockets; hacking the ornamental woodwork of the rails and sides of the table, etc. The injuries were repaired but only to be repeated, and a watch was set to discover the perpetrators of the disgraceful outrage. Strong presumptive circumstantial evidence led to the conclusion that a young fellow, a Portuguese, who frequented the room, was the guilty party, and he was accordingly arrested. After being once postponed, the charge came up before Judge Daley, on the day and at the court above named. The prisoner was defended by Mr. C. M. Briggs, who demanded the immediate discharge of his client, on the ground that he could not be held, as there was no law on the statute book to punish a man criminally for entering the house of another and destroying his furniture; that the only remedy was by civil process to recover the value of the damage done. He referred to recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in support of his position, in which it was held that no criminal prosecution can be successfully maintained against any person for entering a dwelling house and maliciously destroying the furniture, unless force of arms or manual force has been used to gain admittance, or unless such person or persons have destroyed or wilfully injured "works of art." The counsel contended that a billiard table could not be brought under the class "works of art." Judge Daley, after referring to the authorities quoted and maturely considering the case, concurred in this view and discharged the prisoner, at the same time expressing his astonishment that such a state of the law should have been suffered to exist in New York, and his intention of immediately drafting an act to remedy the evil, and taking active measures to secure its prompt passage through the Legislature.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—Victor Estephe is again called upon to maintain his claim to the possession of the Champion Cue of the Keystone State, as he has been formally challenged by the promising young billiardist, John Montgomery, the superintendent of the St. James Hall billiard-rooms in Philadelphia, who, after patiently awaiting some time to give Chris. Bird an opportunity of carrying into execution his expressed purpose of challenging the champion, and discovering no signs of the latter coming forward and declaring his intentions, has issued his manifesto and secured the priority of his claim to contend for the golden prize. The conditions are, to play for the championship and $100 a side, 1200 points up, on a Phelan & Collender carom table, with $2\frac{3}{8}$ inch balls—the push-shot barred. No day is yet fixed, but it will probably take place in February.

BILLIARDS AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.—The beneficial effects that have resulted from the introduction of billiards into lunatic asylums, and the great interest which the unfortunate inmates take in the delightful game, have been proved by experience. We are therefore not surprised to learn that the directors of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, Binghampton, have placed one of Phelan & Collender's Standard American tables in the recently-opened ward of that institution, for the amusement and recreation of the inmates. The establishment, when completed, will contain fifteen wards, in each of which one of these tables will be placed.

THE FOSTER AND DEERY MATCH.—The day for the first match between these two billiard artists is now definitely fixed for Monday, Jan. 2d, and will be played in Geary's billiard saloon, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. The date of the return-match in New York is not yet arranged, as there is considerable difficulty in securing a hall sufficiently large and suitable for the occasion, as both the Hippotheatron and Irving Hall are engaged for some time to come. If the backers of Foster wish to invest their greenbacks on him, we understand they will meet with no difficulty in doing so, as our speculative, Ciceronian friend, Mike Geary, is ready to back "his boy" Deery to any amount, even if the pile equals the value of his newly-opened and elegant billiard establishment.

BILLIARD MATCH IN CINCINNATI — TIEMAN VS. AN AMATEUR.—A match at billiards for five hundred dollars a side, came off on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, at the rooms of the accomplished billiardist, Phil. Tieman, in Cincinnati. The contestants were the veritable Phil. himself and Mr. H. Choate, a very excellent amateur player, belonging to the Queen City; the former playing 1000 points against the latter's 500, the game being the American four ball carom game, upon a Phelan and Collender table. This was the second match between the same parties; the first, which was for $250 a side, being won by the amateur. In the return match, Tieman retrieved his laurels and losses, by winning the game with great ease, the scores standing when "game" was called—Tieman 1000, Choate 231. The victor played with great brilliancy and fine judgment, scoring in his second, seventh and eighth innings, 102, 176 and 163 points respectively. His average was $32\frac{1}{4}$.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST TROTTING SEASON.
CONCLUDED.

The trotting contests between the Hartford gelding Stonewall Jackson and the Hambletonian gelding Stark, at two-mile and three-mile heats, in harness, for the Fashion Course Association Purses, deserve especial mention. There were originally two more entries for these purses; viz., T. Cregan's s. g. Shot and Dan Pfifer's b. g. Port Royal; but these last named horses were drawn. In the two-mile heat race Stonewall Jackson beat Stark in two straight heats in 5:01; $5:06\frac{3}{4}$ very handily, and his success in the three-mile heat race was generally regarded as a certainty, but few were prepared to see such good time made. The first heat was won by Stonewall Jackson in 7:39, and the second heat by him in the same time; the aggregate time of the two heats being the best on record. Flora Temple, in her attempt to beat the celebrated Dutchman's saddle time ($7:32\frac{1}{2}$), made the three miles in 7:33, and Gen. Butler in his effort to accomplish the same task scored exactly the same time as Flora. The Dutchman's best harness time for three miles was 7:42, and Lady Moscow's $7:44\frac{3}{4}$. Stonewall Jackson's time for the third mile of the first heat was 2:31, and for the last mile (the sixth) of the second heat 2:30, a performance which stamps him as a first class horse for a long distance.

No match of the season caused such an amount of betting as that between Dan Mace's Commodore Vanderbilt and Dan Pfifer's Toronto Chief; the former owned by Mr. William Turnbull, and the latter by Mr. Gillman. It was for one thousand dollars a side, mile heats, in harness, and was won by the young stallion Vanderbilt in three straight heats in $2:34\frac{1}{4}$, $2:34\frac{1}{4}$, $2:33\frac{1}{4}$. The winner, who is quite new to the turf, is a most promising horse, and was sired by Young Columbus out of a well-bred mare.

The great match between Mr. Monnot's three-year old Hambletonian colt, Bruno, and Mr. Gilman's game little mare, Lady Clifden, for $5,000 a side, created an unusual amount of interest in trotting circles. The young one was known to be a very fast and promising colt, and his full sister, Brunette, had been sold by Mr. Monnot to Mr. Harker for no less a sum than $12,000. The conditions were for the young colt Bruno to go in harness, and Lady Clifden to a 350lbs. wagon and driver, but the owner of the mare, thinking that she would have the worst of it at these weights, offered Mr. Monnot $1,000 to allow him to take off 50 lbs. of the weight, thus making the weight 300lbs., and the proposition was accepted. The young colt showed such unsteadiness in getting to work, that some of his backers, who had been betting one hundred to fifty on his winning, took the alarm, and, turning round, backed the mare to such an extent that the betting became even. The colt, in the first heat, led throughout, showing such an extraordinary turn of speed that the mare was unable to live with him, and he won cleverly, without a single break, in 2:39. In the second heat he broke repeatedly in scoring, and, to some, appeared to show symptoms of tiring, so that the mare was made the favorite at one hundred to seventy-five. She led from the start, and, at the quarter pole, was fully six lengths ahead; but now the colt began to settle to his work, and his long, commanding stroke told perceptibly. The mare's lead was diminishing at every stride, and, at the turn into the home stretch, the young one passed her and took the lead. A magnificent race up the straight ensued, both straining every nerve and muscle, and their clever drivers exerting their utmost skill, to win. John Lovett plied the whip vigorously on the young colt, and he answered gamely, winning a most exciting race, by a neck, in the extraordinary time, for a three-year old, of 2:38. Such a performance may justly be regarded as the most remarkable ever made by a three-year old; for, although Mr. McManns' black mare Cora made a mile in $2:37\frac{1}{2}$ at that age, yet both the day and track, on that occasion, were far more favorable for fast time than on the day of this match. So high was the estimate formed of the merits of the young son of Hambletonian, that his owner, Mr. Monnot, refused the sum of $10,000 for him after the race. He will doubtless be heard of, even to greater advantage, on the trotting turf, next season, if his owner should think proper to put him into training.

The match between Mr. Turnbull's famous bay stallion, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Mr. Howard's well-known brown gelding, Rattlesnake, was the last important race of the season. It was for $2,000, mile heats, to wagon weighing with driver 250lbs. The Commodore confirmed the high opinion which his previous performances had created of his quality, for he won, in the easiest possible manner, in $2:37\frac{1}{4}$–$2:38\frac{1}{4}$, Rattlesnake being drawn in the third heat. He was bred in Chatauque County in this State, and sired by Columbus out of the dam of the Spirit of the Times, and his future career will assuredly be a brilliant one.

A trot which came off on the Union Course, L. I., Nov. 5, for a Silver Pitcher, between fast road horses owned in Brooklyn, deserves especial mention, as evincing the deep seated love of the turf among that numerous and respectable class, our city merchants. The race in question was confined to road horses owned by private gentlemen, who are averse to being identified with the regular habitues of the trotting track, yet love to witness a fair honest contest, and take pride in the possession of a fast horse. The attendance was very large, and composed of gentlemen of the highest social position, the personal friends of the respective owners of the horses engaged. Professional drivers were engaged, so that the race might be a fair reliable test of the merits of the horses. The entries were E. Dennis's r. g. Giraffe; D. Mace's s. g. Marmion; H. Woodruff's s. m. Lady Wallace; J. Rogers g. g. Plover; and D. Pfifer's g. m. Lady Warrenton. Four well contested heats were trotted before the race was decided; Giraffe winning the first, third and fourth, and Lady Warrenton the second; time $2.38\frac{1}{4}$, $2.38\frac{1}{4}$, 2.40, $2.40\frac{1}{4}$. So gratifying was the result of this race to the gentlemen engaged in it, that next season they purpose establishing these social and interesting contests for prizes of value on a more extensive and permanent foundation.

The result of the above race between these Brooklyn roadsters created such excitement among their owners, that several matches resulted from it. The owner of Lady Wallace matched her against Lady Warrenton for $100 a side, mile heats, to 150lbs wagon, owners to drive; and the s g Marmion was matched against the g g Plover, mile heats, to wagons, for dinners and a dozen, owners to drive. All these horses had trotted in the sweepstakes race noticed above. The matches were trotted on the Union Course on Thanksgiving Day, when Lady Wallace beat her opponent in $2:47\frac{1}{4}$; $2:46\frac{3}{4}$; and Marmion did the same to Plover, although four heats had to be trotted before the race could be decided; the third being a dead heat. The time was $2:54\frac{1}{2}$; $2:55\frac{3}{4}$; 2:56; $2:58\frac{1}{4}$.

The match which Mr. Turnbull made with Mr. T. Cregan for $1000 a side, half forfeit, the former backing his young stallion Commodore Vanderbilt, to trot one mile in harness in 2 minutes 30 seconds, or less, at some time during the month of November, "good day and good track" being stipulated, Mr. Cregan backing "time," created considerable interest among trotting men, and indeed, from the matter still remaining in abeyance, continues to do so at the present time. The circumstances were substantially as follows—when the match was made, each party staked $500 a side forfeit, and shortly afterwards finding the weather against him, Mr. Turnbull gave Mr. Cregan $250 to waive the condition requiring three days notice to be given of the day and hour when the horse would make the attempt, but promising to give the latter sufficient notice to be present on the day he should select. On the morning of Nov. 24, Mr. Cregan received notice from Mr. Turnbull that Vanderbilt would attempt the task on that day, on the Union track; on proceeding to the track, Mr. Cregan protested against the match being proceeded with then and there, on the ground that the Fashion Course was the track mutually although verbally agreed upon for the race. It was therefore adjourned to another day, and as Mr. Cregan, the backer of time, stated his purpose of visiting Albany, and might not be present, he placed in the hands of the stakeholder the balance of the money ($500), thus making good the whole of his stake. The ensuing night, Mr. Turnbull decided to trot his horse on the following morning (Nov. 26), at the early hour of half past seven, and gave Mr. Cregan notice to that effect. Next morning, at the time named, the horse was brought on the track, and as Mr. Cregan was not present, (although it afterwards transpired that he was on the road,) Mr. Turnbull appointed Hiram Woodruff and Mr. Bradford as his judges, and starting his horse, jogged him around the track at a slow pace, and *claimed* forfeit on the ground that the backer of time, being not present, had forfeited. On the other hand, Mr. Cregan claims the stakes, on the ground that the horse having received the word "go" from the judges appointed, had failed to trot the distance in the time specified. He further contends that, having put up the entire stake of $1000, "time" was fully represented, and that he (Cregan) as its backer, was not necessarily required to be present in person. The matter has created a vast deal of discussion and argument among horsemen, and it still remains unsettled.

The death of the well-known horse-man, Horace Jones, by drowning in the Delaware Bay, Nov. 13th, cannot be passed over unnoticed in our record of the leading turf-events of the year. He was on his usual annual duck-shooting excursion, in company with some friends, when their yacht was upset by a sudden squall, and he sank before assistance could be rendered. As a horse-man, both as trainer and driver, he had few equals; his judgment was sound, and his thorough knowledge of horses, combined with industry and perseverance, enabled him to acquire an independent fortune. He trained and drove the celebrated Hambletonian stallion, Robert Fillingham, when he first came out on the trotting turf. As a double-team driver, he stood confessedly unequalled by any of his professional associates. His warm and generous disposition and straightforward character rendered him very popular among turfmen.

COCKING.

GETTYSBURG, PA., vs. BALTIMORE AND CARROL COS., MD.

A MAIN was fought near Westminster, Md., on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, between J. C. B. and J. H. McC., of Gettysburg, and Judge B., of Baltimore, on one side, and S. B. G., of Carrol Co., J. O. P., of Balto' Co., and Dr. K., of Baltimore City, on the other. The main was for $20 each fight, and $200 the odd, each party to show 15 cocks between 6 pounds 2oz. and 4 pounds 14oz. Nine fell in, and after some rapid fighting, the event resulted in an overwhelming defeat of the Maryland party—they winning but one fight out of the nine. They had a sure thing of it on another, but after having rattled the Gettysburg cock, their chicken very ignominiously turned tail and beat a hasty, but obstinate retreat. The second, a fight between T. B. G.'s brood cock and J. C. B.'s "General Stewart" was particularly interesting from a little incident in the life of the latter, which, in order to prevent any aspersions from being thrown on the loyalty of his owner, it may not be amiss or uninteresting to relate. During the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Stewart and staff were passing along the road near Mr. B.'s residence, where a hen with her brood of chickens was scuttling across in front of them, when the General, with a remarkable kindness of heart, halted the whole procession until they had gained the fence and were out of danger. This was the only stag in the brood that was raised; and he won his fight in a gay and gallant style.

WHERE HE COULD PLAY DOMINOES.—Some funny jokes are told of the scenes and incidents in connection with Sherman's march through Georgia; but we have not read anything of a more humorous character than the appended paragraph about an original character, so graphically told by an army correspondent. Read it and laugh:—

"We came across an old man named Wells, who was the most original character I ever met. He was depot master at this station on the Georgia Central R. R. in the days when there was a rail road here. He is a shrewd old man, and seemed to understand the merits of the war question perfectly. He said:—'They say you are retreating; but it is the strangest sort of retreat I ever saw! Why, dog bite them! the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the Federal armies, and they allers fall back after the battle is over. It was that ar' idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was allers whipping the Feds, and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a d——d humbug! and now by—— I know it is! for here you are right on old John Wells's place; hogs, potatoes, corn and fences all gone! I don't find any fault; I expected it all! "Jeff. Davis and the rest," he continued, "talk about splitting the Union! Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time! Splittting the Union! why, d——n it, the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end! It is these rich fellows who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails! There's my poor brother, sick with small pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d——d stuff for a year! 'Leven dollars a month and eleven thousand bullets a minute! I don't believe in it, sir! My wife came from Canada, and I kind o' thought I we ald some time go there to live, but was allers afraid of the ice and cold; but I can tell you this country is getting too cussed hot for me! Look at my fence rails a burning there. I think I can stand the cold better. I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up country, and burnt the bridges; why, (dog bite their hides!) one of your Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, tops and all; and there's that bridge you can put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeehee as you Yankees! The blasted rascals who burnt this yere bridge thought they did a big thing; a natural-born fool cut in two had more sense in either end than any of them! To bring back the good old times," he said, "it'll take the help of Divine Providence, a heap of rain, and a deal of elbow grease, to fix things up again!'"

A TURKISH TERMAGENT.—Some short time back the third daughter of the late Sultan of Turkey was married to Mahmoud Jelladin Pasha, whom she treated with great harshness and unkindness. Some short time back she became jealous of one of her slaves, and ordered her to be beheaded. Then she determined to extend her revenge to her husband, and coolly directed that the girl's head should be placed under a cover on the pasha's dinner-table. It is the custom in Turkey for the male heads of families to dine apart from their women. On the day in question the sultana seated herself on the divan—a long sofa extending across the room—previous to her husband's entering the dining-room. On his arrival, as is customary, he went up to his imperial spouse, and rendered her the usual homage. She requested him to proceed with his dinner. When seated, he called on the servants present to remove the cover which is thrown over the tray which forms the top of the table; to his surprise they hesitated, and shrank back. The sultana then called to him to remove it himself, upbraiding the servants for their conduct. The unhappy pasha, obeying his wife's directions, threw off the cover, and there before him lay the gory head of the murdered girl. He reeled and fell back a corpse. Previous to taking off the cover he had drunk some sherbet, and whether this was poisoned, as some imagine, or that the shock produced apoplexy, has not been ascertained, as *no post-mortem* examination has been held. The princess, it appears, has not suffered any inconvenience from her crime, but *goes about as usual.*

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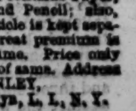

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A SLEIGH RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One afternoon, Sal Jenks and I
Jumped in a sleigh together,
Determined then the nag to try
In spite of wind and weather.
The wind it blew—the horse he flew—
The ground we soon got over—
At Struckman's stopped—took drinks a few—
Then gave the reins to Rover.
The sleigh seemed like a thing of air,
And Rove, ne'er wanted whipping,
Whilst Sal held fast unto the side
For fear we'd soon be tipping.
Away we went, like gun shot sent
From out a Minnie rifle,
For we were bound to "skite" along
And did not mean to trifle.
Jingle, jingle, went the bells, jingle, jingle, jingle,
And as we sung, our voices rung, and with their notes did mingle.

Old Rover strove his best to do—
He'd more than usual fire—
Whilst Sal, whose finger ends were blue,
Drew up towards me nigher.
I quickly placed my arms around
Her waist so neat and slender,
And, as we traveled swiftly on,
It seems I grew quite tender.
I felt that ne'er in all this world
Was any woman dearer
Than was sweet Sally Jenks to me,
And drew her near and nearer.
Upon my breast her head did rest—
Oh! how my heart was beating!
She knew from such a sheltered place
There could be no retreating.
Jingle, jingle, went the bells, jingle, jingle, jingle,
The horse he sped, each nose was red, our ears began to tingle.

I smoothed her hair—she nestled there
Like sweetest babe reposing;
Upturned her head- her ruby lips
A wealth of pearls disclosing.
Her eyelids drooped, her cheeks were flushed—
'Twas she who now was wooing—
Her hand sought mine, then shrank away
Ashamed of what 'twas doing.
I told her that I'd love her long,
All other maidens scorning,
That life without her would be night,
But with her bright as morning.
Her looks were mild—she sweetly smiled—
Whilst my poor heart was fluttered—
Dear Sally, dashing Sally Jenks
"I love you," faintly uttered.
Jingle, jingle, went the bells, jingle, jingle, jingle,
A loving kiss of holy bliss with their sweet tones did mingle.

The snow like softest velvet seemed
As onward we were gliding,
And with her hands sweet Sally Jenks
Her crimsoned face was hiding.
Her eyes of blue were peeping thro'
Her fingers wide extended—
I knew that with such beacon stars
My evil ways were ended.
How proud I felt! We hastened home,
For time was swiftly flying,
And Sal, who'd just arranged her hair,
Her hood was quickly tying,
When with a kiss of holy bliss
I left her to her slumber,
And driving off quite swift and fast,
Built castles without number.
Jingle, jingle, went the bells, jingle, jingle, jingle,
I ne'er again, in snow or rain, rode out when I was single.

NELLIE KAVANAGH;

OR,

The Dying Cyprian and Her Destroyer.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY JACK PERCY.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the rain was plashing in the pools in the streets, and pattering against the window panes incessantly, as if the Creator had intended there should be a second deluge. In one of the rooms of a splendid dwelling was seated John Fortescue, intently engaged in reading a book. A bright coal fire was blazing in the grate, and everything around betokened wealth and luxury. So deeply interested was Fortescue in the book he was reading, that he could not repress an involuntary gesture of impatience, from time to time, as he was compelled to answer the remarks which were addressed to him by an elderly lady who was seated at the opposite side of the fire.

"Oh, John," said she, after a pause of a few moments, "I had almost forgotten to tell you that a man called here to-day to see you."

"Well, mother, who was he?" said Fortescue testily, without raising his eyes from the book.

"I don't know. I asked his name, but he evaded giving it to me."

"Indeed! what did he want?" said Fortescue, with some appearance of interest.

"He said he wanted to see you, and I told him that you were not at home. I asked him if he had any message to leave, and he said no; he wished to see you personally. I then asked him to leave his name, and he answered that that would be of no use, for you would not know it."

"What kind of man was he?"

"A young man apparently, but very rough looking. I told him you would be in early in the evening, and he said he would call again then. May be that is him now," she continued, as there was a loud ring at the door bell.

"There's a man in the hall that wants to see you, sir," said a servant, who just entered the room.

"Well, James, show him up," said Fortescue.

"I asked him to walk up, sir, but he wouldn't come; he says he is too wet."

"Well, I'll go to him then," said Fortescue, rising and leaving the room.

Standing on the mat in the hall was a man enveloped in a rough overcoat, from which the water was continually dropping, making small puddles on the floor. His coat collar was turned up over his ears, and he wore a slouched hat, drawn low upon his face, either to conceal his features or to more effectually keep off the rain.

"Is your name John Fortescue?" said the stranger, abruptly, as the former descended the stairs.

"That is my name, sir. I believe you called once before?" The stranger nodded. "Who have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name don't make no difference; I don't come for myself."

"Indeed! Then in whose behalf do you come?"

"I was sent here by Ellen Kavanagh. Do you know such a person? Oh, you do!" said he, as Fortescue gave a violent start.

"Well, sir, and if I do?" said Fortescue, recovering his self-possession by a great effort.

"Just this—Ellen Kavanagh is now dying by inches in a miserable crib in Baxter street, and she has sent me here to ask you if you would come and see her, or else assist her in some way."

"A nice errand to come upon," sneered Fortescue. "Do you suppose that I have nothing else to do but call upon or send money to every sick woman of the town that chooses to send her friends to me upon begging errands?"

"You would belie your nature if you made me any other answer than the one you have just made. You do not know me, John Fortescue, but *I* know you well! You didn't call Ellen Kavanagh a woman of the town three years ago, when you first saw her in all the pride of her health and beauty. You could cringe and flatter then most splendidly. She was not a woman of the town until you made her one, and after she had been your plaything for a month or two, you threw her off, leaving her to live or die as best she might."

"We have had enough of this," cried Fortescue furiously. "You can gain nothing by remaining here."

"No, I suppose not. I made up my mind before I came that I would gain nothing for my trouble, and only came because the poor girl was so anxious to have me do so."

"Well, sir, and now that you have concluded your business, perhaps you will favor me by leaving my house."

"I am going now, but not until I have told you, John Fortescue, that you are the most cold-blooded scoundrel I ever saw."

"Leave the house instantly, or I'll have you thrust out."

"Pshaw, man! Don't do anything rash. You do not know your man," said the stranger coolly. "Don't pull a pistol." Fortescue thrust his hand into a side pocket. "I did not come here to quarrel with you, but if you draw that pistol I shall handle you very roughly."

The two men stood and looked at each other for a moment, and then Fortescue removed his hand from his pocket. The stranger turned on his heel, and giving vent to a low laugh, said:

"Good night, Mr. Fortescue."

The next moment the hall door closed behind him, and drawing his hat still lower over his face, he started onward through the pelting rain.

* * * * *

"Has he come yet, mother?" The voice was low and weak. It was a small room on the second floor of a miserable shanty in Baxter street. The plaster had fallen from the ceiling in many places, and the windows had been patched with paper, in the vain endeavor to keep out the rain and cold. The floor was bare, and worn in hollows by the constant tread of feet. On the walls were two or three miserable lithographs of sacred subjects; a tallow candle stuck in a battered brass candle stick was the only light; and an old chair, a ricketty table, and a stove constituted all the furniture. On the floor were two beds, one drawn near the stove, in which a woman and three children were sleeping, and the other made up against the wall on one side of the room, in which was lying the sick girl, Ellen Kavanagh. A middle-aged woman was seated on the only chair, and bent half over the stove, vainly trying to get warm from the miserable apology for a fire.

"Has he come yet, mother?"

"No, Nell, not yet," said the woman at the stove.

A light rap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said the woman, and a man and woman entered. The man was dressed in a style suited to the weather, and the woman was warmly but very flashily clad. It did not need a second look to discover her calling.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kavanagh," said the girl who had just entered. "How is Nellie to-night?"

"I don't know, Miss Carrie. She don't seem to be much better. The doctor says she wants the most nourishing food, and how am I to get it? I gave him the last dollar to-day. Take the chair, sir," said she to the man.

The girl called Carrie knelt down beside the sick girl's bed, and took her hand.

"How do you feel to-night, sis?" said she, kissing her.

"I don't know." The voice sounded as shrill as a whistle. "Has he come?"

"He! Who?"

"Bill—Bill Harrison. You know him, don't you?"

"Rough Bill? Oh, yes, but he is not here now. I brought a friend to see you."

In answer to a gesture from Carrie, the man now advanced and knelt beside the bed.

"Do you know my friend? It's Charley."

The sick girl raised herself in the bed, and gazing on the face of the man with eyes that gleamed like coals of fire, said: "Hello, Charley," and then sank back exhausted.

"Don't she look terrible?" said Carrie to the man, Charley, in a whisper. "And look here!" continued she, raising a portion of the bed clothes and showing the vermin crawling over the bed.

"Good God!" said Charley, "this is awful! Can nothing be done for her?"

"She can't live more than a day longer," said Carrie. "Look at the way her cheeks are sunken—look at her blue lips and see her eyes. She has wasted away until she is nothing but a skeleton."

"Don't her mother try to take care of her?"

"Pshaw, no! All she cares about is drinking gin. Nellie has supported her for the last two years, and the woman is as big and as strong as a man."

"What! The mother live off the wages of her daughter's sin?"

"Yes. If it was not for me and Rough Bill they would die of starvation, now that Nellie is sick. But don't talk any more about it; the woman may hear you. Come, Nellie, cheer up a little. Don't you want something to eat?"

"No."

"Well, wake up a little, sis. You shouldn't be so downhearted. You will be all right soon," said Carrie, and her voice was choked and broken by her feelings. "Why you and me will play a game of seven-up in the saloon before another week is out. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the sick girl.

The laugh sounded so terrible that the man, Charley, shook like a leaf, and Carrie buried her face in the bed clothes to hide her tears. At this moment the door was opened hurriedly, and the man who had called upon Fortescue came in. He came over by the bed, and Nellie raised herself up and seized his hand.

"Did you see him, Bill—did you see him?" said she excitedly.

"Yes," replied Bill gloomily.

"Will he come?"

"No; the hound refused to have anything to do with you."

The poor girl sank back in the bed as if she had been struck a terrible blow. For a moment all was silent, and then the sick girl could be heard murmuring slowly: "He would not come—he would not come!" then was silent once more.

"Mrs. Kavanagh," cried Carrie, as she cast a hurried glance at Nellie's face, "Nellie is dying!"

With a wild cry, the mother sprung to the bedside of her child. All her maternal tenderness was once more awakened. Catching her child in her arms, and pressing her wildly against her bosom, she cried:

"Nellie!—Nellie darling, speak to me!—look at me! It's your mother, dear!"

"He would not come to me!"

Then all was quiet. Nellie Kavanagh was dead, and John Fortescue, the man who had caused all this misery, was still seated in his splendid apartment, *reading a novel.*

THE BITER BIT;

OR,

A Big Thing on Ice.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY LEW OGDEN.

It was during the Christmas holidays of the year 18—, that the great Canadian skating carnival came off at a place called Lennoxville, a village about three miles from Sherbrooke, in Lower Canada. There were to be various prizes given to the successful competitors, but the prize of the day was the "Ladies Prize," which was a gold locket with the portraits of the five prettiest girls in Canada, set in diamonds and pearls, and a purse of one hundred dollars.

The gentlemen with their ladies from all parts around had arrived, and the sport began. The races on the first part of the programme had passed off with but little excitement, as almost every one thought only of *the* event of the day, giving hardly more than a passing thought to the contests then going on. At about half-past two the minor races had been got through with, and the race of the day was about to begin; it was a two mile dash, and the winner had not only to be the swiftest, but had also to be the most artistic skater.

The competitors were Harry S. and Gus M., of Quebec, and two Montreal gentlemen, they being the only ones who thought it worth their while to compete. Harry S. was the favorite as far as skating went, but that was all, as he was so proud and overbearing that he was detested by all who knew him, but there was little doubt as to his winning the prize.

Just as they were about starting, an old beggar, apparently without clothes enough on to keep him from freezing, went round soliciting alms; almost every one present gave him their mite, but when he asked Harry S. for charity, he received a rude push, with the exclamation, "Clear out!" The old man turned away, muttering "revenge" between his clenched teeth, and what that was we shall soon see.

The contestants had received the word to start, and after a short and severe struggle Harry was awarded the prize by the judges, as was expected. No sooner had the decision been given, than, in his old blustering style, he stepped into the middle of the rink and challenged any man for $100; and the prize, he said, would be given into the bargain, if he was defeated, well knowing there was no one there to compete with him. But hush! who is that we see making his way through the crowd to the centre of the rink? Who, but the old beggar, who said quietly, but in such a voice that it could be heard distinctly all over the rink, "I accept your challenge," and immediately deposited the stake, which he pulled out of an old wallet hid in his breast. "Now," says he, clearly, "cover it."

At first, the blusterer was inclined to back out, but seeing that he had already gone too far to do so, he deposited his money and stood up for the trial. In the meantime the old man drew out a pair of skates from the pack on his back, and put them on; laying his pack on the ground, he stepped up to his rival, muttering "revenge."

On the word being given by the judges, thinking he had it all his own way, Harry took it easy; but after seeing the old man passing him like a shot, with the utmost ease and grace, he saw he had "caught a Tartar," and that it was a gone thing; he surmised rightly, for on the beggar arriving at the stand first, and executing some graceful manœuvres, he was justly awarded the purse and stakes by the judges without any hesitation.

Every one being on the *qui vive* to know who the old man was, he skated into the middle of the rink, and, after pulling off his disguise, on a belt round his waist might be seen "JACKSON HAINES, Champion Skater of the World."

BELLIGERENT BEES.—Bees, as a rule, are very pugnacious when there are many of them together. It appears, however, that when they are alone they are very peaceful, and bear spoliation without resistance. A solitary bee has been seen to submit to be plundered of the store it had deposited on its thighs as many as three times in succession, without attacking the robber, when it was at a distance from home; but if attacked when it is near its hive, it becomes quite another matter. Then other members of the community fly to its assistance; and as members of the colony to which the would-be robber belongs sometimes hasten to help him in his need, a general battle ensues, in which loss of life to several of the individuals concerned is the inevitable result. It has happened that a more systematic attempt to plunder on a more extensive scale is made. A hive, the inhabitants of which are driven to desperation by hunger, having selected a hive which they know to contain honey, force their way in like an army of Taepings, and slaughter the inhabitants without mercy. If the inhabitants prove to be too strong for the invaders, they are expelled, and no quarter is given; all who are caught before they can make their way out of the hive pay for their intrusion with their lives, as indeed is only just. A hive that has been thus attacked, and even when it makes a successful resistance, is subject to peculiar dangers; for if any of the inhabitants of a neighboring hive happen to have joined the invaders, and tasted the sweets of the spoil, they are likely to incite their brethren to make an attack in their turn, and another slaughter takes place; and if they are too strong for the community, every one of the inmates is killed, and the contents of the hive devoured, the only chance of the rightful owners getting a portion being apparently by joining the marauders. It is only, however, in the confusion that they could do this; for numerous as are the inhabitants of a hive, they know each other.

THE CAPTAIN of a vessel which was loading coal at a wharf went into a merchant's counting room, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchan, looking towards his clerks, replied with a smile:

"I have a number of them, but none I believe wish to be hauled over the coals."

THE CAVE OF GUILLOTIN;

OR,

The Resort of French Roughs and Thieves.

BY VIDOCQ.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

On a particular afternoon I had a presentiment that a visit to Guillotin's would not be without its results. Without being superstitious, I know not why, I have always followed these inspirations. I put my wardrobe in requisition, and after having suited myself so as not to bear any appearance of being a greenhorn, I left my house with another secret agent named Riboulet, a *downy cove*, whom all the houris of the *boozing kens* claimed as their chevalier, as did also the milliners' girls, who considered him as a complete *kiddy*. For such an excursion a woman was an indispensible portion of the baggage, and Riboulet had one who just suited us. She passed as his mistress, and was a common woman called Manon la Blonde, on whom, he assured me, that reliance could be placed. In two seconds she rent her woolen stockings in twenty places, tore the edges of her red cloak, begrimed her shawl, trod her shoes down at the heel, disheveled her locks, and gave to the kerchief with which she graced her brows that indescribable appearance which was necessary. She was highly delighted with the character she had to perform.

Thus attired and prepared, we set out together, arm in arm, toward la Courtille. On reaching the cabaret, we seated ourselves at a table in the corner, that we might the more easily watch whatever should pass. Riboulet was one of those men whose very appearance commanded instant attention. He had not spoken, nor had I, but yet we were instantly attended to.

"You see," said he, "the *cove* knows the time o' day, the *kush* (wine), meat, and salad."

I asked if we could not have a matelote of eels.

"Snakes," cried Manon, "do you want? *Cag-mag and snivellers* (stinking meat and onions) would be as good."

I said no more, and we began to eat with as much appetite as if we had never been initiated into the mysteries of Papa Guillotin's cookery.

During the repast, a noise at the door attracted our attention. It proceeded from some conquerors, who made their triumphal entry—men and women, six in number, forming three couples of individuals whose "human face divine" was most tremendously disfigured; they all had scratched countenances and black eyes. By the bloody disorder of their attire, and the freshness of their dilapidations in face and garments, it was easy to perceive that they were the heroes of some spree, in which on both sides the quarrel had been decided by fisticuffs. They approached our table.

ONE OF THE HEROES.—"By your leave, my trumps, is there room for us on this here seat?"

I.—"We shall be squeezed a little, but never mind" *(making room).*

RIBOULET *(addressing me).*—"Come, my covey, make room for the gentlemen."

MANON *(to the fresh arrivals).*—"Are these ladies with you?"

ONE OF THE HEROINES.—"Vat is it you say? *(turning to her friends)* vat does she say?"

HER PAL.—"Hold your jaw, Titine *(Celestine)*; the lady said nothing to affront you."

The whole party seated themselves.

A HERO.—"Hallo! come here, Daddy Guillotin; a *little black father*, four year old, for eight *mag*." (A four quart jug for eight sous.)

GUILLOTIN.—"Coming! coming!"

THE WAITER *(with the jug in his hand).*—"Thirty-two *mag*, if you please."

"I'll give you two and thirty kicks of the ——; you're chaffing us, my rum 'un."

WAITER.—"No, my knowing ones, but it's the custom, or, if you like, the way of this here house."

The wine was poured into all the glasses, and they also filled ours.

"Excuse the liberty," said the Ganymede of the party.

"Oh, there's no harm done," replied Riboulet.

"You know one politeness requires another."

"But you are too polite."

"Oh, no; drink away, nunky pays for all."

"You are right, my boys, so push the wine about."

We did push it about, and so well that about ten o'clock in the evening all the sympathy left between us was manifested by protestations, sight being lost, and by those explosions of drunken tenderness which develope all the infirmities of the human heart.

When the hour of parting had arrived, our new acquaintances, and particularly the softer sex, were completely drunk. Riboulet and his mistress were only somewhat elevated, as well as myself. They had preserved their senses, but to appear all in unison, we pretended to be so tipsy as to be unable to walk. Formed into a phalanx, because in that way the gusts of wind are less to be feared, we left the theatre of our pleasures. Then, that we might neutralize, by the aid of a *chant*, the reeling tendencies of our troup, Riboulet, with a voice whose echoes vibrated in every court and alley, began to sing, in the most finished slang of his time, one of those ballads with a chorus, which are as long as to-day and to-morrow.

"As from ken (*a*) to ken I was going,
Doing a bit on the prigging lay (*b*),
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen (*c*)
Tol lol, lol lol, tol derol ay;
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly (*d*) to the time o' day. (*e*)

"Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly to the time o' day;
I pattered in flash (*f*), like a covey (*g*), knowing,
Tol, lol, &c.
'Ay, bub or grubby (*h*), I say.'

"I pattered in flash, like a covey, knowing,
'Ay, bub or grubby,' I say.
'Lots of gatter' (*i*), quo' she, 'are flowing,
Tol lol, &c.
Lend me a lift in the family way (*j*).

" 'Lots of gatter,' quo' she, 'are flowing,
Lend me a lift in the family way.
You may have a crib (*k*) to stow in,
Tol, lol, &c.
Welcome, my pal (*l*), as the flowers in May.

" 'You may have a crib to stow in;
Welcome, my pal, as the flowers in May.'
To her ken at once I go in,
Tol lol, &c.
Where in a corner, out of the way—

"To her ken at once I go in,
Where in a corner, out of the way,
With his smeller (*m*), a trumpet blowing,
Tol lol, &c.
A regular swell-cove (*n*) lushy (*o*) lay.

"With his smeller, a trumpet blowing,
A regular swell cove lushy lay;
To his clies (*p*) my hooks (*q*) I throw in,
Tol, lol, &c.
And collar his dragons (*r*) clear away.

"To his clies my hooks I throw in,
And collar his dragons clear away;
Then his ticker (*s*) I set a-going,
Tol, lol, &c.
And his onions (*t*), chain, and key.

"Then his ticker I set a-going,
With his onions, chain, and key.
Next slip off his bottom clo'ing,
Tol lol, &c.
And his gingerbread topper gay.

"Next slip off his bottom clo'ing,
And his gingerbread topper gay.
Then his other toggery (*u*) stowing,
Tol, lol, &c.
All with the swag (*v*) I sneak away.

"Then his other toggery stowing,
All with the sway I sneak away;
Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
Tol, lol, &c.
Or be grabbed (*w*) by the beaks (*x*) we may.

" Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
Or be grabbed by the beaks we may;
And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing,
Tol lol, &c.
A Newgate hornpipe some fine day.

" 'And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing,
A Newgate hornpipe some fine day;
With the mots (*y*) their ogles (*z*) throwing,
Tol, lol, &c.
And old Cotton (*aa*) humming his pray (*bb*).

" 'With the mots their ogles throwing,
And old Cotton humming his pray;
And the fogle-hunters (*cc*) doing,
Tol, lol, &c.
Their morning fade (*dd*) in the prigging lay.' "

Riboulet having been safely delivered of his fourteen couplets, Manon la Blonde was desirous of evincing the powers of her lungs. "Now for another!" said she.

The chorus, which we took up, as it were, from Manon's mouth, was repeated eight or ten times, in a manner which almost broke the windows of the house about us. After this burst of bacchanalian hilarity, the first fumes of wine, which are usually most potent, beginning somewhat to dissipate, we entered into conversation. The chapter of confidences, according to custom, opened by interrogatories. I did not require to be much questioned, but went beyond the communications which they desired to know. A stranger in Paris, I had only known Riboulet in prison at Valenciennes, when he was sent back to his regiment as a deserter. He was a *college chum* (a fellow prisoner), whom I had met again. As to the rest, I took care to represent myself in colors which charmed them: I was a thorough *out-and-outer*. I know not what I had not done, and was ready to do anything. I unbosomed myself that they might unbosom as freely in their turn. It is a tactic which has often been successful with me. The party soon chatted like magpies, and I became as well acquainted with all their doings as if I had never been separated from them. They told me their names, residences, exploits, misfortunes, hopes. They had met a man who was really worthy of their confidence; I returned it, I suited them, and all was said.

Such explanations always made a man thirsty, more or less. All the liquor shops in our road were visited, more than a hundred toasts were drunk in honor of our new convention, and we were not to separate again. "Come along with us, come," they said, and they were so pressing that, quite unable to refuse their importunities, I agreed to go to their abode, Rue des Filles Dieu, No. 14, where they lodged in a furnished house. Once in their abode, it was impossible to refuse a share of their bed. It is difficult to describe what good fellows they were, and so was I, and they were the better convinced of it as, during an hour, whilst I pretended to be sleeping, my friend Riboulet passed a eulogy on me, in a low tone of voice, of which not even half was true, or I should have richly merited a sentence for ten times the term of my natural life. At last Riboulet had so completely placed me in good odor with our hosts that about break of day they proposed to me to go out upon a *job* with them—a robbery which they had planned in the Rue de la Verrerie.

I had only just time to warn the chief of the second division, who made his arrangements so well that they were apprehended with the property about their persons. Riboulet and I remained on the look out, to give alarm in case of danger, as the thieves believed, but in fact to see if the police were on their posts. When they passed near us, all three in a coach, whence they could not see us, "Well," said Riboulet, "there they are, taken in the very act." They were also condemned; and if the names of Debuire, Role, and Hippolyte, called la Biche, are still on the muster-roll at the Bagnes, it is the result of an evening passed at Guillotin's amongst the children of the sun.

[a] *Ken*—shop, house.
[b] *Prigging lay*—thieving business.
[c] *Blowen*—girl, strumpet, sweetheart.
[d] *Fly*—contraction of *flash*, awake, up to, practiced in.
[e] *Time o' day*—knowledge of *business*, thieving, &c.
[f] *Pattered in flash*—spoke in slang.
[g] *Covey*—man.
[h] *Bub and grub*—drink and food.
[i] *Gatter*—porter.
[j] *Family*—thieves in general. *The family way*—the thieving line.
[k] *Crib*—bed.
[l] *Pal*—friend, companion, paramour.
[m] *Smeller*—nose. *Trumpet-blowing* here is not slang, but poetry for snoring.
[n] *Swell-cove*—gentleman, dandy.
[o] *Lushy*—drunk.
[p] *Clies*—pockets.
[q] *Hooks*—fingers; full, *thieving hooks.*
[r] *Collars his dragons*—take his sovereigns.
[s] *Ticker*—watch.
[t] *Onions*—seals.
[u] *Toggery*—clothes, from *toga.*
[v] *Swag*—plunder.
[w] *Grubbed*—taken.
[x] *Beaks*—police officers.
[y] *Mots*—girls.
[z] *Ogles*—eyes.
[aa] *Old Cotton*—the Ordinary of Newgate.
[bb] *Humming his pray*—saying his prayers.
[cc] *Fogle-hunters*—pickpockets.
[dd] *Morning fake*—morning thievery.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

WM. CHARD, H'd Qrtrs. Cav., Mid. Div.—Remittance rec'd, and book duly forwarded.

WM. JOHNSON.—Games very acceptable, we assure you; should be thankful for any other good games you play yourself, or note down of others, either in the N. Y. or Paulsen clubs.

CHAS. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—Your very welcome letter, containing *cartes*, came safely to hand, thank you. Ours albumized, the others forwarded to the friend designated.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—We have forwarded you a card photo. of "our mutual friend" C. C. B.; if it arrives safe, or otherwise, please notify.

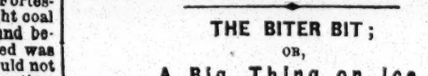
F. W., Philad'a.—Received your notice of a letter, but of the letter itself—nary a let.

LOVER OF CHESS, Butler, Pa.—Your money was, of course, covered with the acceptance, and we hold the $10 subject to the decision of the match. You are right to inquire about it; we should, perhaps, have explicitly so stated last week.

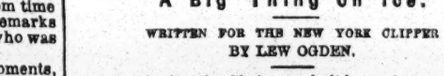
Enigma No. 460.

From the Chess Player's Chronicle.

BY WM. BONE.



at Q Kt sq. K B 5, Q R 8, Q Kt 2d.



at Q Kt 6th, at Q B 4th.

White to play and give mate in eleven moves.

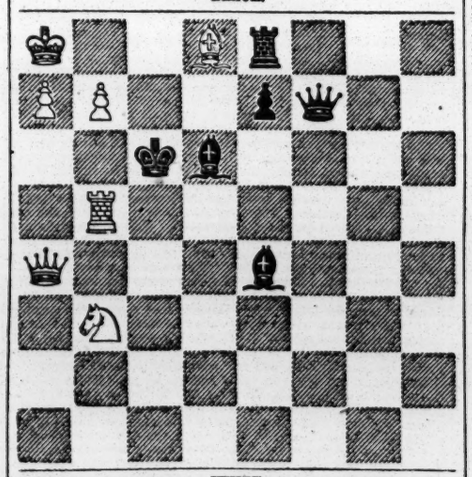
Problem No. 460.

THE TWINS—CASTON.

Suggested by the study of No. 440, and respectfully inscribed to THEO. M. BROWN, Esq.,

BY CHAS. C. BARNES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in seven moves.

Game No. 460.

Highly entertaining *partie* recently contested between our contributor, Theo. M. Brown and Dr. Leslie.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Dr. Leslie.	Defence, T. M. B.	Attack, Dr. Leslie.	Defence, T. M. B.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q B × Kt	K B × B
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	16..P-K Kt 4	Q-R 5 (*d*)
3. K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	17..Q × B P +	K-Q sq
4..K B-B 4	P-K R 3	18..Q-B 8 +	K-Q 2
5..Castles	K B-Kt 2	19..K B-Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3
6..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	20..Q P × P +	Kt P × P
7..P-Q B 3	Q-K 2 (*a*)	21..K R-B 7 +	K Kt-K 2
8..P-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 5	22..K B × Kt +	Q × K B
9..K Kt-K sq	P-K B 6	23..B × B P +	K × K B
10..K Kt × P (*b*)	Kt P × Kt	24..Q × Q (*e*)	Q R-K B sq
11..Q × B 2d P	Q B-K 3	25..Q Kt-Q 2	K R-Kt sq
12..P-Q 5 (*c*)	Q B-B 6	26..K-his R sq	Q R-B 7
13..K B-B 2	Q Kt-Q 2	27..Kt-K B 3	Q R × Kt
14 Q B-B 4	Q Kt-K 4	28..Q-K 6	K B-B sq, and the Defence wins.

(*a*) It is proper to tell our students that this opening is a perfect model of its kind, both in Attack and Defence, and well merits being committed to memory.

(*b*) From being vexatiously cramped, this sacrifice at once secures him a free open game, with an extremely promising attack.

(*c*) Just what his adversary desired—shutting out his own B.

(*d*) A singularly spirited and subtle combination; but we are not yet convinced that the Attack made the most of his opportunities.

(*e*) The play has been extremely lively and amusing, but the Attack is exhausted, and the Defence now "takes up the running" with a force eminently convincing and conclusive.

Instructive and amusing *partie* between Herren Beuthner and Paulsen in Leipsic.—*Bell's Life.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

Herr Beuthner.	Herr Paulsen.	Herr Beuthner.	Herr Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K B × B	B P × B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q-her 2 (*g*)	Q-her 4 (*h*)
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..Q-her B 3	Q-K B 4
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	18..K Kt-B 3	Kt × Kt P (*i*)
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	19..K × K Kt	Q-Kt 5 +
6..B P × P	K B-Kt 5 +	20..K-his R sq	K R × Kt
7..Q B-Q 2	K B × B +	21..K R-K 3	K R × P
8..Q Kt × B	P-Q 4	22..R-K Kt sq	Q-K R 5
9..K P × P	K Kt × P	23..Q R-Kt 2	Q R-K B sq
10..Castles	Castles (*f*)	24..K R-Kt 3	K R-B 8 +
11..Q Kt-Kt 3	Q B-B 4	25..R-K Kt sq	Q-K 5 +
12..P-Q R 3	Q-her 3	26..K R-Kt 2	Q B-B 7 (*k*)
13. K R-K sq	K Kt-B 5	27..Q-K Kt 3, and Paulsen mates in two moves.	
14..K Kt-R 4	Q B-K 3		

(*f*) Again the student has a fund of instruction; for this opening is absolutely perfect on both sides.

(*g*) However ornamental this lady may be deemed, her further utility is nil.

(*h*) Working into a strong counter-attack.

(*i*) A magnificent dash! Nothing could be more amusing, and at the same time more accurate both in manner and time, than the rest of this Defence.

(*k*) A most curious and entertaining modern example (though with a different piece) of the *Frithemesake* of the ancient Chaturanga.

THE RECENT CONTESTS of Petroff, the "Publidor of the North," begin to come to us in our European exchanges, and we intend laying some of them before our readers. It will be remembered that this veteran of a quarter of a century since, is now in Paris for the chivalric purpose of re-kindling his torch at Caissa's altar, by renewing his fame and his battles with the foremost chessmen of the present day. O! that we might once more see Staunton, the Lion of England, really in the arena, with his old zeal fairly ablaze with new enthusiasm, and his old might still more conspicuous by accumulated stores of ripe experience! Then would the world see a new era in Chess! Such giants as Petroff, Staunton, St. Amant, Andersson, Der Lasa, Harrwitz and Loewenthal; with such fresh genius as Paulsen, Lange, Boden, De Riviere, Dubois, Kolisch, Steinitz, the Princes Ourossoff, &c., together with Paul Morphy—if anything could bring him out from his self-imposed obscurity. But we have a "waking dream," and longer than we anticipated.

CHESS flourishes abundantly in West Philadelphia. The club there has made arrangements for four regular annual tournaments; and, to add to the interest, and at the same time elevate the standard of its play, has with commendable liberality elected several of the strong players of the Philad'a Club honorary members, thus rendering them eligible to compete for the prizes. Many an interesting contest must accrue—wish we could get a few of them! There are now five strong and active centres of Chess in the Quaker City.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 20 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE CLUB meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

J. CHISHOLM, New York.—The book styled the "Game of Draughts" is an abortion. The idea of ignoring the names of the openings is preposterous, and looks as if the individual is so conceited in his superficial Draught knowledge as to try to make himself the only guide in Draught matters in the country; but so long as his innovations are no improvements, they are not tolerated by Draught players. If the names of the openings were abolished it would be almost impossible to make mention of the games, unless you had the board. With Anderson as our guide, how easy it is to be understood, when you wish to make mention of playing "Laird and Lady," "Single Corner," &c.; or, when any particular move is noticed, it can be understood at a glance when mentioned in conversation. We have not a copy of Anderson. See answer to B. A. Benton, Meriden, Ct., in last CLIPPER, for answer to your other question.

NEMO, New Castle, Del.—We will act on your suggestion.

WILL DRAUGHT PLAYERS, throughout the United States and Canada, please drop a line, informing us where players "most do congregate" to play Draughts in their respective localities, so that we may make a note of it through the columns of the CLIPPER, for the benefit of all interested in our favorite game?

Game No. 46—Vol. XII.

FORTIETH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	24 to 19	15.. 7 to 10(b)	9 to 6
2..15 24	28 19	16.. 2 9	18 15
3.. 8 11	22 18	17..11 18	23 6
4..11 16	26 22	18.. 3 7	30 26
5..10 14(a)	22 17	19..18 17	31 14
6.. 9 13	17 10	20..10 17	19 15
7.. 6 22	26 17	21..12 19	27 24
8..18 22	30 26	22..20 27	31 15
9..22 25	29 22	23..17 22	28 24
10.. 4 8	22 18	24..22 26	24 20
11.. 5 9	26 22	25..26 31	20 16
12.. 9 13	18 14	26..31 27	15 11
13.. 8 11	22 18	27.. 7 10	Drawn.
14..16 26	14 9		

(*a*) Anderson plays 16 to 20 instead of this, wins.
(*b*) The game is drawn very easily from this move.

Game No. 47—Vol. XII.

GAME played in the match between Hickok and Thompson.

LAIRD AND LADY.

Hickok, Black.	Thompson, White.	Hickok, Black.	Thompson, White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	25..19 to 24	31 to 26
2.. 8 11	22 17	26..24 27	22 18
3.. 9 13	17 14	27..27 31	25 22
4..10 17	21 14	28.. 7 10	29 25
5.. 4 8(a)	19 10	29.. 2 7	26 21
6.. 6 15	24 19	30.. 7 11	32 25
7..15 24	28 19	31..10 15	26 22
8.. 1 6	26 23	32..15 19	18 14
9..11 16	(b)23 18	33..11 16	22 26
10..16 23	14 9	34..31 27(d)	14 10
11.. 5 14	18 9	35..27 24	26 22
12..13 17	27 18	36..24 27	10 7
13.. 6 13	25 21	37..27 31	22 26
14..17 22	18 14	38..31 26	7 3
15..12 16	14 9	39..26 31	3 8
16.. 7 10	9 5	40..16 20	8 11
17.. 8 11	5 1

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A LIVELY AND LENGTHY FIGHT BETWEEN *POSH PRICE AND JACK PARKINSON.*

THE catch-weight match between these Birmingham men, for £80, which was ratified about six weeks ago, was on Tuesday, Nov. 29, brought to a satisfactory settlement without interruption from the "peace preservers." Price was born in March, 1832, in the hardware town, stands 5 ft. 8 in., and weighed, for the present engagement, 11 st. 2 lb.; commenced his fighting career in September, 1850, when he met and defeated Young Mush, of Birmingham, for £5 a side, since which time he has vanquished the extraordinary number of nineteen distinguished pugilists. His first reverse within the magic circle was in January, 1859, when he had to lower his flag to that thorough master of the art, Jem Mace, present champion (attributable at the time time to a broken arm). We do not hear of Master Posh again till August, 1861, when he met that Birmingham favorite, Dan Crutchley, whom, after a clever contest, he compelled to cry "a go." In the November following he met and defeated Jackson, of Banbury, better known as Pemberton's Novice; and in July of the ensuing year his star was again in the ascendant in an off-hand match with Tom Allen, a fellow-townsman and very promising performer; but in November of the same year he met with his second defeat at the hands of Joe Goss, of Wolverhampton, after a brilliant battle, occupying 108 minutes, in which were contested 66 rounds. The next man to try conclusions with him was his present opponent, whom, after a game battle, standing over two days, he compelled to cry "Hold, enough." Parkinson's friends, not satisfied with the result of this engagement, made a new match, but on the day fixed for the battle Price was apprehended and bound over for a lengthened period. This brings us to the present match.

Jack Parkinson is also a native of Birmingham. He is a well conducted and finely developed man, of some thirty-four summers, standing 5 ft. 9½ in. in height, and weighing about 11 st. His first essay within the cords was with the celebrated Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, who was found to be too clever a general for him, and he had to succumb after a game battle, since which time, beyond having a few "likers" for love, we do not hear of him till his first engagement with Price, as recorded above.

The toss for choice of battle ground having been won on behalf of Parkinson; Barnt Green, near Redditch, the town of needles, was named as the rendezvous, for which an early start from New street station was made, and by eight o'clock reached, when, all being found serene, the paraphernalia of war was quickly arranged, and at 22 min. to nine Parkinson shied in his head gear, and after waiting a short time, Posh followed suit, and the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Parkinson having won the toss for choice of corners, placed his back to a keen wind, and gave Posh the disadvantage of a bright sun. Some very spirited betting opened at 5 and 6 to 4 on Posh, which his condition scarcely warranted, as he was decidedly puffy. Parkinson's form strangely contrasted, as he, if anything, was too finely drawn, and he certainly looked stale. Jack, who was as lively as a kitten, was first to lead off with his left, but as Posh was on the look out for contributions, he did not manage to land. On a second attempt he was more successful, and got slightly on Posh's ribs, Posh landing a warmish right-hander on the left cheek. Some pretty sparring was here witnessed, both trying to get the proper measurement, when Posh, thinking he had an opening, sent out his left as a feeler, Parkinson away laughing. Sparring to a close ensued, when both fibbed away merrily and no flinching. It was evident at this early stage that a great treat was in store for the spectators, who were few and very select. The bout finished by both coming to grief together.

2. The men having now thoroughly warmed to their work, came up eagerly, and taking time by the forelock, commenced operations at once in downright earnest. Posh, this time taking the initiative, making his right terrifically on Jack's left eye, opening an ugly gash, from which the blood flowed copionsly (first event for Posh). Jack, nothing daunted, made play in return on Posh's ivories, when a little crimson showed, but the sly old fox sucked it in most good humoredly. Some splendid counters of a very mutual description followed to the ropes, where a struggle for the throw took place, which was obtained by Parkinson.

3. When Jack came up he was still bleeding from the eye, and Posh's frontispiece showed signs of Jack's visitations. After a little sparring both countered beautifully, Jack on Posh's ear, receiving his change with interest on the old sore—which continued (notwithstanding the frequent application of the sponge), to bleed most provokingly. These old generals now fairly electrified the bystanders by their ding-dong exchanges, which were hot and furious in the extreme. A close, and in going down Posh struck his right hand against the middle stake, bruising it somewhat seriously—Parkinson under in the fall.

4. Both up well to time, and sparred till within distance, when Posh got a hot 'un on the ribs; Jack short in his return on the head. Both at this point appeared a little bothered as they stood in the centre of the ring, eyeing each other in a manner that bespoke "what's your next little game?" Posh at last sent out his left, but was wofully out of distance. Parkinson, who was determined to be doing, made a rush and succeeded in reaching his opponent's right cheek, a hot 'un. This brought on some fierce exchanges, slightly in favor of Parkinson, who fought his man down at the finish.

5. Both up, blowing from the fast fighting in the previous round, and wishing to husband their strength, exhibited some very pretty sparring. Tiring, however, at this fun, they commenced proceedings by hammering away at each other with the most telling effect, bringing matters to a close in a friendly hug, both down, Jack under. They had now been contending exactly a quarter of an hour, without any variation in the betting, Posh being still the favorite at the above quotation.

6. Price up first to the call of time, smiling, while Jack appeared as though he could not see anything to laugh it. He had several small protuberances on his head and face, as tokens of Posh's visits, while the latter's face was considerably flushed with a cut by the side of the right eye. The ball was opened by both countering simultaneously, Jack on the left listener, Price full in the face, bringing the sponge again into use. A close, and both down together, Posh under.

7. Very short, the men getting together instantly, and after a harmless exchange of blows, embraced each other and rolled over the ropes, amidst a scene of great confusion, neither man appearing willing to relinquish his grip. The referee's mandate, "separate," however, had to be obeyed.

8. On coming up, both looked mischievous, and a short spar for an opening ensued, when they countered and were stopped beautifully. A retreat, a gaze, and a rub, when they again got together, and some pretty exchanges followed to a close. A tussle to the ropes, through which Price fell, Parkinson falling over him.

9. Cautious sparring for wind for some seconds, when Posh led with his left but was short (and it was evident here that his right was becoming powerless). Both men now put down their arms. A little sparring, Parkinson next leading and getting well on Posh's left ear; but his blows appeared, even at this early stage, to lack steam. The round was finished by Jack being fought down and carried to his corner literally smothered in blood. This round was decidedly in favor of Price, who, it must be admitted, held the trump card, as Parkinson was evidently shaky.

10 to 18 were of a similar description, Posh fighting with his left (his now most effective weapon) for the dial, and occasionally planting his right on the ribs, but without any visible effect. Parkinson, it must be understood, in the meantime was anything but idle, for notwithstanding that he was receiving the lion's share of punishment, he took great liberties with Price, frequently getting on with impunity; and had his blows been as effective as his opponent's, he might possibly have turned the tables.

19. Price up first to the call of time, and crossing to Jack's corner, bearded the lion in his den, and for his pains got beautifully pasted on the nose, from which blood was seen to distil. Posh, as busy as a bee, his ire being roused, rushed at his man and plants his left heavily on the ribs, from which Jack recoils to his own corner, followed by Posh. Some rather tedious sparring for the first time during the battle was here witnessed, neither appearing in a hurry to renew hostilities. Jack was the first to open business, which he did by getting cleverly on the nut without a return. More sparring, when the men got to half-arm fibbing, and Jack went down supplicatingly on his tenders, and no wonder, for the blows on both sides had been of a most terrific character.

20 to 33. So similar were these rounds, that to particularize them would only be trespassing on the patience of our readers and our own columns. Suffice it to say that each in turn were down, but Posh much the stronger man.

34. In this bout two incidents occurred specially calling for notice. Posh, in his eagerness to be doing, rushed at Jack, and spiked him fearfully in the instep, but the game fellow only smiled and advised a little more caution for the future. We believe that this was purely accidental, and quite unavoidable on the part of Posh, for no man throughout the fight, in the way of all fairness, could conduct himself better; in proof of which, at the finish of the round, when he had got his man in an awkward position, and when he could, without doubt, have given his opponent the *coup de grace*, he refrained, quietly observing: "I will not hit you, Jack." This piece of manliness (always to be admired) was greeted with a round of applause by the bystanders, who were more select than numerous, attributable to a high tariff having been put on, which had one salutary effect, viz., that of keeping away the roughs, an object always to be sought.

35. An exchange of blows with little mischief brought the men together in a friendly (?) hug, Jack at the finish being under.

36 to 42 and last. From the commencement of the first of these rounds the battle was virtually over, as Posh was as strong and almost as free from marks as at the beginning of the battle, while Parkinson, who was fearfully punished and exceedingly weak, was unable to stall off his adversary's terrific onslaughts. Indeed it appeared an act of cruelty—nature having left him—to bring him up, but the game fellow believing in the old adage that "while there's life, there's hope," strongly refused to relinquish the contest, and against his wish, at last, his friends humanely threw up the sponge in token of defeat, after the men had been contending exactly 1hr. 47min.

REMARKS.

Posh, in this engagement, out-heroded Herod. He is a tremendously heavy hitter, and possesses all the qualifications of a first-class boxer. By this victory he has made for himself a host of admirers. Still we would advise him not to let his present success induce him to fly at too high game. For his years we do not believe that his equal can be found; but he must not be unmindful of an old and true saying "That youth will be served." Parkinson did all that nature would allow, and it is hoped that his friends will avail themselves of the opportunity now left them, and reward him for his gallantry by getting him up a bumping benefit, to which he is, in all conscience, thoroughly entitled.

MORE ABOUT THE GOSS AFFAIR.

BY later advices from England, we learn that Goss did not get quite as much "goss" as stated in our last issue, as the Stipendiary, on application of Goss' Counsel, reconsidered the affair. At the second hearing, which was given on Nov. 26th, additional evidence was given, part of which we quote from the *Sporting Life* of November 30th:—"Mr. Bartlett said he was instructed to say that Goss never did what Shale said he had done. As was well known in the town, Goss was one of the most quiet and inoffensive men that ever belonged to the Prize ring. The Stipendiary said he knew nothing about who Goss was at the time he had disposed of the case. Mr. Bartlett added that he remembered a case at the County Court in which Goss was a witness, and so straightforward was his evidence, though against the case he was to serve, that the judge complimented him on his honesty and truthfulness, and said he was sure he was a good fighter, for a man who had the courage to speak the truth under such circumstances would be brave in everything. The complainant, on the other hand, was one of the most abandoned of her class, as the records of the Court would show. He freely admitted that with the evidence before him, and the inability of Goss to speak or act for himself at the time, the Stipendiary could only decide as he had done; but now, if, from the evidence brought before him, he still remained of opinion that such an assault had been committed, it was to be hoped that, seeing the circumstances under which it had been committed, and that the complainant was one who made a trade of exposing herself to men, he would not think it was a case calling for the extreme penalty of the law. Harriet Shale was recalled by the Bench, and repeated the statement she made on the previous Wednesday, and in cross-examination denied positively the account given by Mr. Bartlett for Goss. She denied having complained to a policeman, but on being confronted with one to whom she did complain the same night, she said she was so excited on the occasion that if she did so she had forgotten it. A Mrs. Eccleston, a washer-woman, who, in consequence of a quarrel with her husband, was staying at the house of Shale for the night, though evidently a reluctant witness, in most material points corroborated complainant's evidence. For Goss, Sarah Roden was called, and made a statement like that given by Mr. Bartlett in his opening, and denied, in answer to questions put by Shale, that she slept that night with Goss in a neighboring brothel. Joseph Gibbons, who kept a public house next door to Shale, said that she next day told him she had made a mistake when she said that Goss put her on the fire. The Stipendiary said, if he had had all the evidence that was now before him on Wednesday, he should not have sentenced Goss to so heavy a punishment; but he still had no doubt whatever that an abominable outrage had been committed upon the complainant—that the defendant had taken her head between his legs, and exposed her and struck her in a most indecent manner. Still, it was very necessary to look at the position in life of the persons in whose presence this was done, and the circumstances under which the outrage was committed. His Worship added that he could put no confidence in Roden's evidence, that of Gibbons was extremely doubtful, and that Owen was altogether unworthy of credit. He would regard the £20 as payment of a fine, instead of six months' imprisonment, and Goss was discharged."

Following the above article is a card from Goss to the editor of the above-named paper, written in his own defence, a portion of which we feel called upon to give, in justice to Goss: "Sir, there is not the slightest foundation for all that has been said and written about me concerning the alleged violent assault at Wolverhampton. Is it not a remarkable fact, when a woman asserts that she has been shamefully abused, that she can not show a single mark or bruise? yet, when challenged, this was the case. Confessing to have given way to considerable excitement on this occasion, I hope that I yet possess manly feelings that would cause me to blush at striking a woman—more especially one friendless and fallen. You, sir, have had constant opportunities of witnessing my conduct both in and out of the P. R., and I am positive that you have never seen me perpetrate an act calculated to bring disgrace upon that calling which I am proud to call my own. Anxiously soliciting a continuance of many past favors, I shall feel extremely grateful at the privilege of being able to say something in my own vindication. The case has since been reheard by the 'Stipendiary,' and, instead of six months' imprisonment, I have been liberated on payment of a fine. Even upon that occasion strict justice was not done me, but the adage of "give a dog a bad name and hang him" was beautifully illustrated.

FIGHT BETWEEN GIBNEY AND MCCABE.—On Wednesday, Nov. 30th, Mat Gibney and Jack McCabe fought for £20 at catch-weight, at Fiddler's Ferry, some few miles from Liverpool. The fight originated in a quarrel between these two belligerents, consequently it was more in malice than with the intention of winning a stake. Gibney has already figured within the roped arena, whilst it was the first appearance of Jack McCabe, who is a perfect novice. The fight was of such a character that we cannot admit of space for a long account. Suffice it to say that Mat Gibney obtained first blood in the fourth round, whilst McCabe was decidedly entitled to first knock-down blow in the 76th round. To recapitulate the rounds *seriatim* would be tedious, as the fight was decidedly in favor of McCabe, but the dropping "system" of Gibney placed the question of winning entirely within the shade of probability. In all, they fought 95 rounds, occupying 2 hours and 20 minutes—out of which Gibney dropped 86 times, and on several occasions very suspiciously. Gibney was seconded by Wray and Patsy Reardon, whilst Jack McCabe was esquired by Topper Brown, of Leicester, and Johnny Pierce. We cannot pass this fight over without saying a word of condemnation of the conduct of Patsy Reardon, who behaved in a most cowardly manner to Brown, actually striking the man when he had his back turned to him, and no opportunity of defending himself. With this exception the mill passed off very satisfactorily. In the 95th round McCabe fought Gibney down, and having been obliged to do the same on several other occasions, and being of a somewhat warm temperament, landed Gibney a hot 'un as he was falling. The referee, allowing for the many failures on the part of Gibney, decided that the men should fight again on Dec. 2d, if they did not agree to fight again for a larger stake.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The London and Nottingham aspirants to the Belt, Wormald and Marsden, have taken up their country quarters, and are beginning to prepare themselves actively for the impending struggle. The usual weekly instalment was duly tabled at Bos Tyler's on Dec. 1st, when, owing to the necessary absence of the principals, the proceedings were strictly formal.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
22 Spruce street, New York.

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HEREAFTER no advertisements of a questionable character will be admitted into the columns of the CLIPPER. We have always been ready and willing to accommodate the advertising community, but of late we have been somewhat imposed upon in this matter by parties who have no regular place of business, and whose advertisements do not appear to be of a legitimate character. We therefore give notice that nothing of the kind will henceforth be received, and advertisers who desire to avail themselves of our circulation must conform to this rule in every particular.

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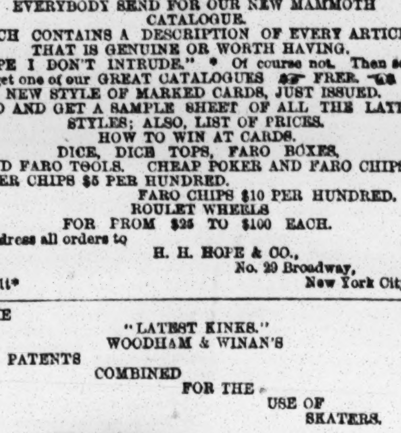

The above cut shows the working of the combined patents; the fastening in the heel dispenses with the use of a strap over the instep when a laced shoe is used, and the shield on the foot sustains the pressure from the toe strap; leaves the foot entirely free, and allows the blood free circulation, affords warmth and comfort, and at the same time binds the skate more firmly than any known invention.

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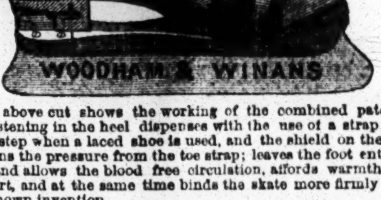
PATENT
SELF-CLEANING
SKATE FASTENING



The box A is embedded in the heel of the boot or shoe. The Plate B, with the "utt," is attached to the heel of the clog of the Skate. The "nut" fastening into the box A, forces the dirt out of the small hole at the back of the heel, which makes the best heel fastening yet invented.

IN COMBINATION
WITH
D. C. WINAN'S
PATENT
FOOT SHIELD.

The shield A fits in the chime of the boot or shoe, resting on the edge of the sole; the clamps B and E fitting on the outer edge; the strap passes over the shield, making it secure, without the slightest pressure on the foot, stamping it the
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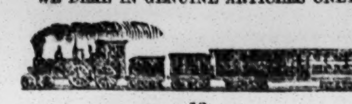

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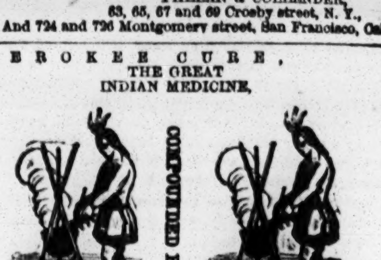

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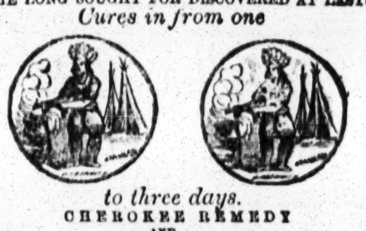

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Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

Frank Queen,
Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

City Summary.

Monday, Dec. 26th, 1864.

Festive reader, we greet you with mingled emotions of joy and the compliments of the season; long may we all continue to enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year; long may we have the good things appertaining to this annual holiday season, and palsied be the tongue—or something of that kind—that would urge an undutiful and ungrateful child to rebel against the parental authority, and set an otherwise happy and contented family in an uncomfortable and suicidal quarrel and uproar, consequent upon what the ingrate may conceive to be an unjust and partial distribution of the things. A merry Christmas to you, one and all; and let us not forget—while enjoying the festivities ourselves—the families of those patriotic souls who, in the field of battle, are defending the cause of this great and good nation; make glad the hearts of those our gallant soldiers have left behind them; a little "from out your store" will not be felt by you, while to those you mete it out to, the blessings it brings may be incalculable. Let all who have the means, assist those who have not; turn no one from our doors; where we can bring happiness, it is our duty so to do; in this way, we ma fully know what it is to enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year......Matters and things theatrical have been a trifle loose and unsteady since our last, the result of the demands of the household upon the gentleman who furnishes the means, thereby restricting his operations in the way of dramatic and similar amusements. Yet, business has not been bad; in fact, at some establishments the receipts have been remarkably large for this season of the year. ......We got an awful fright at Mrs. Wood's Olympic, the other night. We had secured seats during the day, and when we sought them at night, one was found to be occupied by an unpleasant-looking gentleman in drab clothes and colored hair. Touching the deep-seated individual gently upon the shoulder, we said, in an extremely soft and modulated voice—for a "gushing thing" stood by our side—"You have made a mistake, sir; the seat you occupy belongs to us." He turned, did this usurper of our rights, and surveying us from the summit down, he said, in tones unkind, "Impetteginеous scroil, go herd with your crass inquinite fautors," and then as composedly sank within himself as if we had not been there. Two policemen *urged* the austere man out, and we therefore herded with "our crass inquinite fautors," much embittered against brick top for calling us an "impetteginеous scroil," in the presence of a lady ... A year or so ago much talk was had, reports rampant were heard, that another theatre was to be built "away up town;" that Laura Keene was to control its destinies; that Mrs. Hoey was to operate in it against another house further down; *et cetera*, and so forth. If any such ideas was entertained, it is probable that the high price of bricks and mortar, the uncertainty of labor, and the unsettled state of our financial derangements put a stop to the speculation ere it had gone beyond the brain of the enterprising projector. And now that the talk about the new theatre has ceased, we hear fresh rumors of a new up-town opera house, as a sort of opposition to the Academy. Who is to run the new machine, supposing it to be a go, we do not know; but divers persons are mentioned in connection with it. As it seems pretty difficult to make *one* opera house pay, we cannot see how *two* establishments are to get along. However, that's the business of those interested—probably the Petrolians may carry the new idea through, for the earth is yet full of glory and coal oil, and great is the goodness of the oilmen. Few lines in honor of 'em:—

> On Oil Creek, when the tide was low,
> And wells were sunk to make oil flow,
> Myriads of seekers there did go—
> Right merrily.
>
> Some, fortunes made without much strife,
> While others lost their oil and life,
> Leaving an unprotected wife—
> And family.
>
> But those who did much money glean,
> By pumping out the thing unclean,
> Entered upon a bran new scene—
> Praiseworthily.
>
> In broadcloth, diamonds, gay galore,
> The oil men run up many a score,
> Until they find they have no more
> Symbolicals.
>
> And when, at last, without a cent,
> Their oil pumped out, their money spent,
> And to some other place they've went—
> Dejectedly;
>
> 'Tis then they'll curse the very soil
> Where first they saw the stricken oil,
> Like lava, flow from seething groil—
> Pecuniar-ly.
>
> *Moral.*
>
> Petroleum is a ticklish thing,
> Though thousands now its praises sing;
> New companies formed are every day,
> While others go to smash, they say—
> Bringing ruin and destruction to many a destiny.
> Finis.

The harp that once through Tara's halls its soul of music shed, is said, on reliable authority, to have ceased its lovely harmony. And speaking of halls, reminds us of the spacious halls in Barnum's, in every nook and corner of which some notion quaint doth meet the view. Go when you will, to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, there is always something new to please the eye and gratify the looker. What if the ostrich that stands so soberly behind the glass case refuse to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee? What if the lion refuse to roar, surely it is some consolation to know that, though bird or beast might have been starved while living, they are indisputably stuffed when dead. This grand old Museum is in all its glory, just now, for as a holiday resort the building is *E Pluribus Unum*. Old and young resort to Barnum's to see the wonders of the world, for the great showman—in the words of Gen. Grant—"has robbed the cradle and the grave" to fill up his ranks of curiosities. Now is the time to enjoy this *soiree* show; now is the time to take your country cousins to see much of which they heretofore have been in profound ignorance. A great holiday programme is offered, full particulars of which can be ascertained by looking over the advertisement in another column.

Dancing girls, acrobats, heavy villains, funny clowns, singers, actors, old women, and people of general utility are procured by Messrs. Conner & Lea, the great dramatic agents of 25 West Houston street, this city. Managers go there to get people, and people go there to get managers.

"What is a pyramid?" asked a learned schoolmaster of a growing up class in geography. "I know," exclaimed a lovely bud of promise; "its a pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other." Although the precocious lad was made a spread-eagle of as a warning to similar boys, yet, in a measure, the urchin's answer was not a bad one. He had been to the Hippotheatron, and had there beheld the wonderful feat called the "Pyramid;" he was so struck with its beauty, that, in his opinion, there was nothing like unto it on this earth, and this opinion he would have persisted in, had not the village schoolmaster "warmed him," and showed him the mistake under which he suffered. To leave the geography class, however, let us remind our readers that extraordinary performances are now going on at the Hippotheatron, performances such as are seldom witnessed, as a whole, in circus companies. The Hippo will be another popular place of resort during the holidays; ye who have country cousins, prepare to take them now.

And the Menagerie, too! Sakes alive, what a pouring in there will be at this establishment! No wonder, though; for it is one of the most complete collections of wild and other obnoxious animals ever exhibited under one roof. In their own native jungles, and such favorite resorts, a greater number of animals, probably, may be seen, but under far less comfortable circumstances than at the Menagerie; in the latter place, they can be viewed in perfect safety; in the former, they are neither gentle nor kind, and indulge in many a jamboree. A "myrmidon of the rebellion" who saw one of these frightful sights, thus refers to the combat: "At midnight the rivals met in the whale, and fought by the light of the grasshoppers' tail; the elephant stood on his trunk to take breath, and the tiger cat eozily hugged him to death, then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote: 'Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat; see thy own crocodile whistling for thee.' He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he!" Our myrmidonic friend does not make it clear whether it was the crocodile, the elephant, or the tiger cat, which became a cold corpse; but *all* these animals can be seen at the Menagerie for 25 cents, which also entitles you to a sight of the animals being stirred up, which operation is necessary to the proper development of their fiery and ferocious natures.

Wood's Minstrels must not be overlooked in making our Christmas visits and New Year calls, for it is at Manager Wood's delightful place that Negro Minstrelsy can be properly appreciated. At this house we have enjoyed some of the most ludicrous acts ever depicted by a minstrel band; at this house we have listened to some of the most delicious music, and heard some well-told jokes. It was here, too, we first heard that serio-comic ballad, the "Three Black Crows," and speaking of this calls to mind the poem from which the "Three Black Crows" takes its origin. The Ethiopian ballad begins, we think, in this wise:—

> There was two crows sat on a tree,
> As black as any crows could be;
> Says one old crow unto his mate,
> "What shall we do for bread to eat?"
> "On yonder lot a horse has lain,
> Which has been only three days slain;
> We'll light upon his bare backbone
> And pick his eyes out one by one."

In Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is a poem entitled "The Twa Corbies," obtained from a lady who wrote it down from tradition. It was thought that the singular degree of interest and feeling impressed on the mind by this poem was rather increased than diminished by the unfinished state in which the story is left. It appears as if the bard had found his powers of description inadequate to a detail of the circumstances attending the fatal catastrophe without suffering the interest already aroused to subside, and had artfully consigned it over to the fancy of every reader to paint it what way he chose; or else that he lamented the untimely fate of a knight whose base treatment he durst not otherwise make known than in that short parabolical dialogue:—

> As I was walking all alane,
> I heard twa corbies making a mane;
> The tane unto the other say:
> "Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"
>
> "In behint yon auld fail* dyke
> I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
> And naebody kens that he lies there
> But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
>
> "His hound is to the hunting gane,
> His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
> His lady's ta'en another mate,
> So we may make our dinner sweet.
>
> "Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,†
> And I'll pick out his bonny blue een;
> Wi ae lock of his gowden hair
> We'll theek‡ our nest when it grows late.
>
> "Mony a one for him makes mane,
> But nane sall ken where he is gane;
> O'er his white banes when they are bare,
> The wind sall blaw forever mair."

**Fail*—Turf. †*Hause*—Neck. ‡*Theek*—Thatch.

From this Scottish ballad, in all probability, the African refrain takes its rise. But to hear the Africans sing it, with all due solemnity, as it was sung by Wood's Minstrels, is a treat richer far than stewed eels for breakfast. Another excellent bill of fare is offered by Manager Wood for Christmas week.

Mister Ward, the gentleman who has been giving the outsiders an inside view of Mormon life, wound up his panoramic pictures and himself on Friday, Dec. 23d, his last exhibition at Dodworth Hall taking place on that evening. He leaves New York, to lecture otherwards. Parting lines onto him:

> Alas! A. Ward;
> We was well acquainted with him—we was;
> In truth, we knew him like "His Own Book;"
> He was a clever sort of fellow—
> Of much jokes he was one of 'em;
> We have seen him sit at the table
> With critics and other healthy eaters,
> And stay there;
> Of all who gathered at such restaurants
> He was always the first to set the table—
> Into a roar we have seen him talk the hash eaters
> Until he had purloined the nice bits,
> And then he would simmer down, as only he can simmer.
> That's so!
> And the best of it was,
> The quality of his jokes wasn't strained; no, sir!
> Neither was his musty ale;
> His squibs was much relished, and so was his chops.
> The man which isn't fond of jokes
> Don't no nothin';
> But where are you now, you gay and festive cuss?
> Where be your jibes, your tales of merry men
> Which used to make 'em laugh so at Dodworth Hall?
> Truly, there was more fun in A. Ward
> Than the veriest policy player e'er dreamed of.
> Muchley has he read, muchley has he seen,
> And muchley has he made by his lectures.
> To sum him up in a word—he is a hunkey boy.

"A magician most profound in his art" is the opinion of the thousands who have visited Heller, at his Salle Diabolique, No. 585 Broadway. Last week, programme number four was given to delighted audiences, and bids fair to have a long and presperous run. Unlike other professors of the black art, Heller teaches two or three tricks every evening to his host of admirers. The manner in which he passes an orange from one cone to another is so simple (after we are shown the how), that it could be performed with ease by a child of six years of age. The winged cards is a happy feature of the entertainment, and never fails to elicit applause. The way in which he shuffles the pack is remarkable, and might be introduced with effect at any fashionable re-union. Then we have the dove, an emblem of peace, of love, which suddenly disappears and as suddenly re-appears, bearing in its beak a plain gold ring. Lastly, we have the devil's punch bowl, from which a most delicious beverage, already mixed and sweetened, is served up. The bowl is all on fire, and whilst the flames leap up, "Willie" fills the glasses with the red-hot liquid, and distributes them among the thirsty crowd. Those who imbibe are requested to blow out the flame, or else they might feel as if they had "a torchlight procession down their throats." Heller is a member of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and the manner in which he handles the pianoforte shows that he is a master of the instrument. Like lightning his fingers dance along the keys, and Thalberg's fantasia from Don Giovanni soothes the troubled breast and drives blue devils far away. Hardly have these sweet sounds been lost in air, when Heller's own admirable composition, entitled "Laughing Waters," creates universal good will, and prepares every one for the coming pantomime. Mr. A. Sedgwick is also excellent on the concertina. "Harlequin Santa Claus and the Magic Closet" is nothing more than a burlesque on spiritual manifestations, and is no doubt intended to ridicule the doings of the Davenport Brothers. We had no idea that Heller possessed so much comic talent, and were exceedingly pleased with his clever rendition of the silly clown. The pantomime is well placed upon the stage; even those who have no taste for this sort of amusement should go and see it, for the express purpose of looking at the beautiful Columbine. Columbines, as a general rule, are ugly, but this one is an exception. Young men, if you would lose your hearts, go and see her. Believers in spirits (not those sold in bar-rooms) behold the "Magic Closet," and be convinced of the absurdity of your belief. Fathers, husbands, wives, mothers, and children, visit Heller, and have a good laugh over "Harlequin Santa Claus."

John Owens appeared at the Broadway last week, as Billy Lackaday, in Kenny's laughable comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives," and although portions of the character were pretty well given, as a whole it was not a great success, artistically. The whole fun of the piece centres around this character, and it requires great care to work it through properly. Mr. Owens' "sensational novel" scene was very good; the efforts of the actor provoked much laughter, it is true, but his Mr. Gillman we consider better than his Billy Lackaday, and his Solon Shingle far superior to either. So long as Solon holds the stage, people will continue to visit the Broadway Theatre; it grows better and better, if possible, every night, and stands unrivalled for its truthfulness to nature. Solon Shingle is to John Owens what "striking oil" is to a well sinker.

Woodroffe's Glass Blowers are now among the numerous attractions at Barnum's Museum, where their beautiful work engages much attention.

Maretzek's Italian Opera season at the Academy continues. Max has not had a brilliant success of it, although we do not believe he has been "ruined" by the series of operas given. Last week was announced as the "last of the season," but at the same time the programme for the current was published. A curious people are these opera folks.

On Monday evening of last week the New Yorker Stadt-Theater, Nos. 45 and 47 Bowery, was crowded from parquet to dome with the German element of our population. It was the benefit night of Daniel Bandmann, tragedian, and his countrymen had determined to give him an enthusiastic reception. A few minutes after the doors of the theatre had been opened every seat was taken, and standing room could be obtained neither for love nor money. After the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Herwig, had discoursed some excellent music, the curtain rolled up and Shakespeare's tragedy of "Richard" commenced. The part of Gloster is not one of Mr. Bandmann's best *roles*, and it is a matter of surprise to us that he should have selected it for the occasion of his benefit. His conception of the character was a false one, and his carrying out of the part was more like a schoolboy reciting his lesson than the acting of a celebrated tragedian. His transitions from hypocritical small talk to biting satire were too easily brought about, and there was no evidence that any great amount of study had been bestowed upon the part. He indulged too much in rant—a great fault with some actors—and the performance was consequently deprived of much of its artistic merit, if it had any. We went expecting to see a life-like representation of "Richard," but were sadly disappointed. In spite of all these blemishes, his friends and admirers were disposed to deal with him kindly, the actor being repeatedly called before the curtain. We advise him to read the play over again carefully and mark those passages in which he is deficient. By so doing, we have no doubt, that the next time he attempts the character in New York it will pass off much better. It struck us rather forcibly that the "murderers" were slightly, "amiss," "unsteady," etc., but we may be wrong. Several of the other characters were well rendered, and deserved a fair share of the applause.

The Streets of New York are not more full of sight seekers than is Mrs. Wood's Olympic, which is nightly filled with persons anxious to witness "The Streets of New York," as depicted at that house. Dion Boucicault, esquire, has written this local drama in such a way as to keep up the interest from beginning to end; it is well-played, too, and well placed upon the stage. The Olympic has extraordinary facilities for giving the greatest sensational effect to sensational dramas, and those facilities are just beginning to be developed.

The Williamses are giving varied programmes at Niblo's Garden, programmes suited to the festive season, and which seldom fail to attract large audiences. Niblo's will be a popular place of resort during the holiday week.

"Hamlet" is retained at the Winter Garden. Edwin Booth's most excellent impersonation of the lamenting Dane is as beautiful a piece of acting as we have ever seen. Many good judges maintain that in the character of Hamlet, Edwin Booth has no equal. Go see it while the opportunity offers. You will not regret it.

Mr. Charles Peters, we are glad to learn, is recovering from his late accident, and will, no doubt, be able to resume his profession, although not for some time yet. When he does tread the mimic again he will have a slight limp in his walk. He was handed, last week, the sum of $2,500 realized from his benefit at the Academy of Music a short time since. Mr. Peters is a great favorite with the public, and his *rentree* will be hailed with pleasure by all.

"Richelieu" is in active preparation at the Winter Garden, and will be produced as soon as "Hamlet" is withdrawn, which will probably be next week.

The Corsican Brothers will be revived at Niblo's at the termination of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

Miss Jane M. Davenport, after a long absence from the stage, will make her *rentree* at Niblo's in the course of a month. Miss Davenport was always acknowledged to be one of the best actresses on the American stage, and her reappearance, after so long a retirement, is looked forward to with much pleasure by all those who admire genuine acting.

A New Aspirant for Mazeppa honors will shortly make her *debut* at the New Bowery Theatre. She is young, good looking, of excellent form, and promises to make a sensation in the *role*.

The "Comedy of Errors" is in active preparation at the Broadway Theatre. John and Tom Owens will play the two Dromios, and we understand two ladies will appear as the two Antipholusses.

The Frank B. Converse testimonial concert tendered him by the principal music dealers of this city and a number of professionals, comes off at Niblo's Saloon on Thursday evening, the 29th inst., when the following volunteer talent will appear. Miss Mina Geary, vocalist; Gustavus Geary, balladist; Frank Leslie, W. V. Noe, N. W. Gould, the excellent guitarist, J. W. Sivori, a capital performer, R. D. Barnes, J. W. Crayton, and Frank Gilder. The entertainment will be vocal as well as instrumental. Some of the most popular ballads of the day will be sung. Mr. Converse will perform two of his best banjo solos in his best style. Two pupils of Mr. Converse will play a duet together for the first time in public, and a choice selection of violin, guitar and pianoforte solos will be performed. The performers are all first-class, and the affair will, no doubt, be a successful one.

Hi. Rumsey, the popular banjoist and Ethiopian comedian, is still confined to his bed at 31 Bond street, in this city, and his whole system so completely paralysed that he has no control of his legs or feet. It is nearly three months since Mr. Rumsey has been able to perform, and so long a rest has been attended with great expense, such as doctors' fees, &c. Situated in this manner, Mr. R. is unable to procure any assistance whatever, and as his exchequer is completely run out, here is an opportunity for the minstrel *corps* to lend a helping hand to a brother professional, one who has been an active member of the profession for twenty-two years, and who was never known to refuse to assist any one in distress. Mr. R. has, during his professional career, been the means of giving a lift to several performers who have now "got a good thing of it," as the saying is, and as this is the first time he has ever been "not fixed," we trust that a benefit will be gotten up for him. The affair only wants starting to eventuate in a substantial one to Mr. Rumsey.

"444" offers a very large and attractive programme for the holidays. Lizzie Schultze, Mary Blake, and Charley White are still among the chief attractions at this favorite establishment. Lizzie Schultze charms all by her graceful dancing. Charley White is as happy an old dark as ever, and Mary Blake continues to improve in her terpischorean efforts. Maffitt and Bartholomew excel in pantomimes and farces, and the ballet under Mons. Grossi's direction appear each evening in a grand divertissement. This popular hall of amusement will, no doubt, come in for its full share of patronage.

"Harlequin Bluebeard" can be seen at the Hippotheatron, the management having devoted considerable care to its production as a holiday attraction. In addition to the pantomime, the ring performances will be of an extraordinary character, some of the most astonishing and difficult feats known to the sawdust being on the programme.

"The Live Indian" is to be exhibited at the Broadway Theatre this evening, and during the week: Live Indian, Mr. John Owens; it is an extravagant extravaganza, calculated to develope the laughing propensities of all lovers of fun.

"Fairy Good Luck and Grandmother Grampus" is the title of the pantomime produced by Manager Lea at his Varieties. For a variety entertainment, nothing better can be found than that now given at the Varieties.

Sleighing and skating interfered with indoor amusements last week; the snow being down, and the ball being up, induced hundreds to give up the theatre for the streets and ponds.

Three double somersault throwers have been astonishing the *habitues* of the Hippotheatron. If any of our friends think this an easy undertaking, let them try it once. We attempted it a good while ago, and we have had no desire to attempt a repetition, for we came down so heavy as to break one leg and an arm—of an old chair which stood in our way.

An American actor played Othello in German at the Stadt Theatre on the 23d inst., in the presence of a critical and mixed assemblage; and it is but fair to say that he acquitted himself remarkably well. The gentleman who essayed this extraordinary step is Mr. Charles Pope, well and favorably known to the American stage. Mad. Methua Scheller was the Desdemona, which she enacted in a most commendable manner. Pope's German experiment was, if anything, more successful than Bandmann's English.

There is no place like home except the house of the young lady with whom you keep steady company. We meant to ring in something rich in this connection, but blamed if it hasn't slipped our memory. If you *have* no home, however, you can spend an evening very pleasantly with Campbell's Minstrels, in the Bowery. There are to be great times there this week, of which due notice is given in our advertising columns.

Christmas at the Old Bowery promises to be a gala one, for Manager Fox gives two entertainments, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Eight pieces—goodness gracious!—will be performed, consisting of "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Schoolmaster," "Valentine and Orson," "Servants by Legacy," "Aladdin," "Orlando Vendorme," "The Four Lovers," and "Spirit of '76." All this week novelties just suited for the holidays will be performed, and the frequenters of Old Drury will be highly entertained by the comicalities of Mr. Fox, and the capital acting of Miss Fanny Herring.

M'lle Marietta Ravel, Spanish *danseuse* and tight rope artist, commenced a two weeks' star engagement at the New Bowery Theatre on the 19th inst. This lady appeared each evening during the week, between the pieces, upon the tight rope, and established for herself a high reputation. She walks the rope with consummate ease, and is as graceful as when executing pirouettes on the stage. She is a young and very pleasing artist, and understands her business perfectly. Among the pieces produced at this establishment last week were "The Charcoal Man" and the "Convict Marquis." M'lle Marietta Ravel continues her engagement this week, taking a farewell benefit on the 30th. Mr. W. J. Thompson and his trained dogs Hector and Carlo have also been secured for the present week. On Christmas two performances are given. J. B. Howe's new drama of "Jenny Abershaw," "The Cross of Death," "Sheep Stealing," "Robert Macaire," and "Black Hugh the Outlaw" are the pieces to be performed.

Mr. James W. Wallack, Sen., the well-known manager of Wallack's Theatre, died in this city on Sunday morning, December 25th, at his residence in Fourteenth street. Mr. Wallack had been suffering for several years with the gout, but nothing serious was expected until within a week of his death. Mr. Wallack was born at Hercules, Eng., August 24th, 1794. He was intended for the navy, and at an early age received his appointment as Midshipman, but irresistibly attracted by the profession of which his father had been a distinguished member, he soon renounced the "cocked hat and dirk" and became one of a number of young aspirants called "The Academicals." His talent was observed by Sheridan, who transferred him, at the age of twelve, to the regular company of Drury Lane Theatre, where he remained until the destruction of that house by fire, steadily rising in public favor. He then visited Ireland; but, on the opening of the new Drury Lane, returned to play Laertes to the Hamlet of Elliston. He was then eighteen years old. Not long after, during the engagement of Kean, he was given the characters of Macduff, Edgar, Richmond, Iago, and others second only in importance to those of the great tragedians of that day. In 1817 he was married to the daughter of Mr. John Johnstone, a celebrated Irish actor, better known as "Irish Johnstone," shortly after which he visited America and made his *debut* at the Park Theatre, New York, September 7th, 1818, as Macbeth. In 1819, his first son, Lester Wallack, was born. In 1820 he returned to England, and opened at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as "Hamlet." In 1821, again visited America. While journeying to Philadelphia, the stage-coach in which he travelled was overturned, and he suffered a compound fracture of the leg, which interrupted his professional labors for eighteen months, and the effect of which was always partially discernible throughout his life. This recess was passed in England, but his reappearance took place in New York, where he had left his wardrobe and personal effects. The New York public had shown great regret at his misfortune, and assembled in overflowing numbers to welcome him, all the more heartily because of a general conviction that his thorough recovery was impossible, and that his future career must be limited to the representation of a few exceptional parts. He came forward in the character of Captain Bertram, an old sailor on crutches, and the apprehensions of his friends thus seemed to be realized; but in the second piece, "My Aunt," he electrified the audience by bounding upon the stage with an elasticity and vigor hardly surpassed in his earlier engagements. He shortly after returned to England and was stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Returned to this country, and in 1837 became manager of the National Theatre, New York. In 1852 he gave up travelling as a star, and opened Brougham's Lyceum in this city in May, 1852, as Wallack's Theatre. Since then he has been one of our most active managers. In 1861 he built his present beautiful temple on Thirteenth street and Broadway. The last representations in which he took part were at his Theatre near Broome street, where, in 1859, he played most of his principal parts, besides sustaining, for upwards of a hundred nights, the leading character in "The Veteran." His last appearance in any public capacity was at the close of the season of 1862, at the new Theatre, when he delivered a brief address to the audience. Since that time he has only been seen on special occasions in his box, from which it was his habit, when not prevented by illness, to overlook the representations of all "first-nights." To the last, his mind was intent upon the practical supervision of his Theatre. His reputation was highest in dramas of a romantic and picturesque order, in which his vigor and fire and dashing energy are said to have produced extraordinary effects.

Messrs. James S. Wibirt & Co., Dramatic and Variety Agents, continue to supply managers with talent, and offer inducements for professionals to book their names with them. See advertisement.

A Dramatic Company is wanted for a theatre in this city by Messrs. Conner & Lea.

Dramatic.

Zoe concludes her Memphis engagement on Jan. 7th, and opens in Detroit on the 9th, thence to Rochester for two weeks.

Manager Miller has been doing a good business at the Grand Rapids Theatre. The "Carpenter of Rouen" was brought out last week, with all the accessories necessary. Yankee Miller was in clover while enacting the part of Nyken. Mrs. A. O. Miller, as Madelon, was good. Miller, it is said, has an excellent company, consisting of the following well known artists: A. O. Miller, Yankee Miller, J. M. Howitt, C. M. Williams, T. J. Daly, T. Clark, A. N. Lewis, J. K. Kreuger, J. Wambold, Mrs. A. O. Miller, Miss Nellie Palmer, Mary Milholland, Nelly Elwood, Mrs. C. Chapel, Mrs Lamott. Mr. J. Murray puts in an appearance in "Waiting for the Verdict."

Ada Clifton was playing a star engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, last week.

Mr. Stetson was accidentally shot, on the evening of the 17th, while performing in the "Robbers" at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

Mr. John Murray was the star last week at Detroit. He was to go thence to Portland, Me.

Zoe commenced a four weeks' engagement at the New Memphis Theatre on the 12th inst. Our correspondent, "Censor," says:—"She opened in the 'French Spy' to an immense house, playing the part admirably, and is likely to become a favorite. She is ably supported by E. D. Lay, who is quite an addition to the company......The Memphis Dramatic Corps gave a benefit for the widow and orphan fund, which was a success. The pieces produced were the 'Corsican Brothers' and 'Woman and Her Trials.' In the former, Mr. Lon Leubrie played the part of the Brothers admirably. The Chateau Renaud of Mr. J. Lyons was also good. The balance of the company sustained their parts in a creditable manner."

Manager Grover has taken a step in the right direction, and is determined to put a stop, as far as he is concerned, to that growing nuisance, and which is a dead letter to the profession—we mean the Free List. It is high time this growing evil was curbed, for of what benefit is it to the manager, whose free list can be counted up by the hundreds? We know of a certain first-class theatre in this country, where no less than three hundred people enjoy the freedom of the theatre. This may seem almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true. We do not pretend to say that the "boss of the concern" knows it, but it is granted by the doorkeeper, who, when his annual benefit comes around, makes it pay him, for each dead-head is good for from $5 to $10 worth of tickets. We also know of theatres in this city where a regular *corps* of young men who part their hair in the middle, "pass in" as it is called. Now this is not done without reward, for many dry good stores and establishments suffer for it. We do not jump at conclusions of this kind, but we have actually seen it done. Then again, these dead heads do not visit the theatre every night. Oh! no, they go when something attractive is offered, and just when they ought not go, for the seats they occupy would be filled by paying persons. If this horde of dead heads could be collected together on bad nights and when the attendance was poor, and fill up to make a good looking house, then *they might* be of some use. Here is Mr. Leonard Grover's card published in Washington for the especial benefit of the dead-heads that have been swarming to his theatre in that city. "Grover's New Theatre.—A Card Concerning the Free List.—The management takes this method of informing those who have heretofore enjoyed the privilege of free admission to this establishment, that after several seasons' experience it has been found inexpedient to continue the free list system any longer. It has been demonstrated, beyond doubt, that the few advantages that accrue to a theatre from free passes are more than counterbalanced by the innumerable abuses of the privilege. The true friends of the Director will cheerfully concur in any measure that he may find (as in this case) absolutely necessary for the protection of his interests in business, and to such the manager in all candor affirms, that to continue the present system of free admission is but to continue a heavy investment and hard work for little or no gain. This will be more clearly understood when it is stated that the persons enjoying the privilege of the free list, as a general rule, only avail themselves of it upon occasions when the attraction is great enough to fill the house with paying people; and in nearly every instance of that kind this season, large numbers of persons have been turned from the doors with their money in their hands, because every seat was filled, and many of the most desirable ones by free passes. In view of these facts, the manager feels satisfied that the friends of Mr. Grover and his establishment will cheerfully sustain the measure which is, from this date, adopted for the government of the affairs of this theatre, viz.: The present free list of this establishment is entirely suspended. Hereafter no free passes will be granted to any person, under any circumstances, except those members of the *Washington City Press*, whose duties in compiling matter for their amusement columns call them to the theatre. Every unprejudiced person will see the justice of this course when it is explained that the manager is willing and *desirous* of paying full value for every article used in the theatre, and by him in any way, and that the present rates of taxation, and other expenses of the establishment, render its utmost capacity insufficient to return a reasonable income for the investment. The arrangements with many of the stars that have already appeared and are to appear this season are such as make them sharers in the profits of the place; consequently the large free list involves trouble with them, and in one instance, at least, the management has been compelled to satisfy with money the demand of the star for an account of seats held by free passes. This explanation is respectfully submitted to the public with a hope that the merits of the establishment and its performances, with the efforts of the management to deal courteously and satisfactorily with its patrons will render it sufficiently attractive to retain the liberal support and good will of a generous and liberal-minded community."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins are giving their entertainments entitled "Photographiana" at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, where they commenced on Saturday evening, Dec. 24th.

Savannah, we presume, is now an objective point with some of our theatrical managers. As Sherman has opened the gates of the city, our Thespian friends will soon open the doors of the theatre, for it is mete that amusements should follow in the wake of our victorious armies.

The Barrett Engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, terminated on Thursday the 22d, with his benefit, "Under the Palm" being the play of the evening. On Friday the stock company played the "School for Scandal," Mr. and Mrs. Conway enacting Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, both admirable impersonations. The night was one of the most inclement of the season, and, in consequence, the attendance was very slim. On Saturday "The Naiad Queen" was presented at a cost—so the bills stated—of $3,000.

Maretzek's Opera Troupe gave the last of the series of subscription performances, at the Brooklyn Academy, on Thursday, Dec. 22d, "Don Sebastian" being the opera of the evening. The attendance was good, but there was plenty of room for a larger audience. We question very much whether another subscription series will be given. The subscribers will not again be so eager to pay for performances inferior to those of the New York Academy.

At the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Miss Maggie Mitchell brought her two weeks' engagement to a close, on Friday night, Dec. 23d, on which occasion she offered the drama of "Little Barefoot." In order to accommodate all who wished to see her in that piece, the admission was fifty cents to all parts of the house.

Mr. Geo. Kunkel, Manager of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the 19th inst., tendered him by his personal friends, on which occasion Mr. Frank Drew, Mr. Ira Paine, balladist, late of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, and Geo. C. Charles, volunteered their services.

Miss Alice Kingsbury's engagement in Fort Wayne, Ind., was so successful, the first week, that Manager Plunkett secured the lady for another six nights. She closed there on the 24th and was to appear at Natchez on the 26th.

The Webb Sisters are announced to commence a three weeks' engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans.

Managers wishing to secure the services of Mr. G. C. Charles for six or more nights, can do so through his agent, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

The Theatre at Fort Wayne, Ind., has been opened since the 1st of Dec. under the management of Charles Plunkett, and, says a correspondent, "has been meeting with success." The company consists of Mabel Clifford, Misses B. Moravia, Carrie Leslie, Annie Douglas, Mary McManus, Julia Dalton, Mrs. Charles Plunkett, Mrs. Barlow, Messrs. Victor P. Haulenbeck, Edmund Coles, John Turner, Kellog, F. Barnard, Chas. D. Paul, J. L. Morris, Howarth, Alfred Evans and Charles Plunkett. Miss Alice Kingsbury was here last week, and did a good week's business.

Rouse has closed his theatre at Harrisburg for a short season, that he may visit Reading and Lancaster, and returns to Harrisburg on January 16th.

Wildman's Dramatic Company, from the Davenport, Iowa, Theatre, opened at Babcock's Hall, Rock Island, Ill., Dec. 12th, with Ettie Henderson as the star. A correspondent says: "Miss Henderson is a very attractive and versatile performer, and well merits the success she achieves. On Dec. 14th, 'Fanchon the Cricket' was performed in good style. On the 18th, 'Lena the Street Singer' was produced, in which Miss Henderson sang two songs, 'Good bye at the door,' and 'Rock me to sleep Mother,' in a style which, for sweetness, correctness, and *abandon*, has never been equalled here. For her benefit night, the 'Hidden Hand' and 'Stratagems of an Actress' were performed to a house crowded to that extent that standing room even was hard to obtain. On Saturday, the 17th, the bill was the 'French Spy' and the 'American Plowboy.' The sensation drama of the 'Dream Spectre,' introducing the 'Ghost' for the first time to a Rock Island audience, is up for Dec. 19th."

Of Amusements in Nashville, a correspondent writing on the 18th, says: "Although there has been a great deal of excitement in this 'berg' for the past two weeks, yet show business has been good, the boys going for 'Rebs' in the day time, and going for amusements in the evening. As the new theatre, the 'Naiad Queen,' has had a long and successful run......At the old theatre 'Aladdin' has been played to crowded houses, and is up for to-morrow night for the fifteenth time......Howe and Norton's Champion Circus closed a very successful season here last night. They have felt the effects of the war a little, as the most of their ring stock was pressed into the service and they gave a few shows with only two horses, but I believe they have all been returned to them with a beautiful 'U. S.' brand on the left fore shoulder of each. This concern, with their usual liberality, on Friday eve, the 16th, gave a performance for the benefit of the 'poor of Nashville' to a good house, although the night was very bad......'Peep O'Day' is up for to-morrow night at the 'New Theatre.'"

Amusements in Detroit are still florishing, says our correspondent "Pluto," who adds: "On Monday evening, Dec. 19th, 'Used Up' and the 'Rough Diamond' were performed, and on the 21st, the 'Flowers of the Forest.' The 'Three Guardsmen' is in active preparation......The Varieties Theatre is 'pushing along.' E. C. Buel has played the 'Persecuted Dutchman' and 'Paddy Miles.' Harry Leslie closed here last week. Geo. R. Edeson and Miss Edeson commence here on the 22d. Mr. Frank Wood is getting to be a great favorite. His 'Essence' is immense...... The 'Alleghanians' will shortly appear in this city."

The "Lone House on the Bridge" held possession of the boards at Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., last week, and has been a success, filling the theatre nightly. "Bonta" says the piece is put on the stage with good scenery. Mr. Stetson as Pascal de la Garde was good. Baron de Foryuerolles was capital; this is Mr. Nichols' first appearance in a week, he having been laid on the shelf with a severe cold. The other characters by Benn, W. A. Mestayer, Henderson, Everett, Mrs. Stetson, Miss Addie Anderson, Miss Cameron and Mrs. Sidney Smith were all good. On Saturday afternoon, the 24th, we had a matinee. "Fanchon" with Miss Alfy Chipendale as the Cricket was reproduced on that occasion. We have in rehearsal for the holidays the pantomime of "Jack and the Bean Stalk." It is to be gotten up under the special superintendence of Geo. C. Davenport, one of the best pantomimists in the country. "Waiting for the Verdict" is also in rehearsal and will also shortly be brought out......Father Kemps Old Folks give a concert here on Tuesday, Dec. 27, at Rand's Hall ..... Josh Billings gets off a speech on Monday, Dec. 26th, at Rand's Hall.

Our Old New Orleans correspondent (Laertes) enters the lists once more among the contributors to our fast-sailing craft. He says, under date of Dec. 16th, "Having returned to the city whence business of importance had suddenly called me, I am again at leisure to write you a few lines about theatres and things theatrical in this vicinity. The beautiful and fascinating Zoe terminated one of the most brilliant engagements ever played in this city, at the St. Charles, on the 4th inst......Mr. E. Eddy, the tragedian, succeeded her, opening on the 5th, in "Hamlet," to a crowded house. He has appeared this week as "Richard III.," "Richelieu," "Charles DeMoor," "Julien St. Pierre," and "Buridan," in which he has been very ably supported by Mr. Chaplin and Mrs. Walters. He brings his engagement here to a close to-morrow night......Mr. Couldock and daughter will be the next attractions, opening on the 18th. Miss Henrietta Irving, late of Mrs. Wood's Olympic, made her first appearance in this city, at this house, on the 14th, as Mariana in "The Wife," creating a very favorable impression. Last night she appeared as the Duchess of Torrenueva, which she played to perfection. ......The Varieties is doing a fair business. A new sensational five-act drama, from the French of Alexandre Dumas, entitled "Pauline," was produced on the 12th inst., with Mrs. Allen as the heroine. W. Scallan took a benefit on the 15th, appearing as Ted Murphy, in "The Game of Love," and Timothy, in a new local farce entitled "Gottschalk." To-night Josephine Henry takes her benefit, when "The Orphan's Legacy" and "The Wandering Boys" will be performed. She will, no doubt, have a crowded house, as she is a great favorite. Rose Wood has turned the heads of all the young fellows about town, in her bewitching dances......The Academy is flourishing under the able stage management of Mons. La Thorne. The house is crowded almost to suffocation every night. Eva Brent, Collins, Zanfretta and Rosita, are as attractive as ever......Howe's European Circus opened here, on Congo Square, under canvas, on the 12th inst. Nearly four thousand persons were present on the occasion. Hundreds are turned away nightly, unable to get admittance. They remain here for a few weeks....A new place of amusement, called the Canterbury Music Hall, is neatly fitted up, and will seat eight hundred persons comfortably. Manager Woods is inexperienced in the business, and was, therefore, easily imposed upon by a wretched company of strollers, who, representing themselves as first-class negro minstrels, succeeded in getting an engagement. The public, however, were not to be so easily fooled, and the very natural result was, that, after playing two weeks to empty benches, the house had to close on the 11th inst. Negotiations are now going on in New York for the engagement of a new company, which is expected to open here on the 1st of January prox., of which, more anon."

Lucille Western is to give a day performance at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on Saturday, Jan. 7th. That "new piece," called "East Lynne," is to be presented on the occasion.

Annie D'Arcey, a young lady resident of Philadelphia, is advertised to make her first appearance upon any stage, on the 30th Dec., at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia......The *matinees* at this house are now largely attended.

Edmon S. Connor, who has been absent from the stage for several years, will, it is said, shortly resume the duties of his profession. At one time he was a shining light in the dramatic firmament of Philadelphia.

Edwin Forrest's engagement at the Academy, Philadelphia, closes on Dec. 30th, on which occasion the great tragedian will appear as Damon.

McKean Buchanan, the popular tragedian, whose portrait will be found on the first page of this week's Clipper, commenced a five nights' engagement at Kate Fisher's (Newark, N. J.) Theatre on the 19th, in "Macbeth," supported by his daughter, Virginia. The house was crowded to overflowing. During the week business was excellent. On the 23d he took a benefit to a very large house, and his engagement closed. This week he is holding forth at the Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., with J. C. Myers' company, opening there on the 26th.

The Boniface & Newton Alliance commenced at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., on the 19th inst. The drama of "Jocrisse, the Juggler" was performed on the 21st, with G. C. Boniface as Jocrisse, and Miss Kate Newton as Julie. "The Dumb Girl of Genoa" was the afterpiece, during which the drunken combat was fought by Boniface and Mr. Robert Jones.

At the Pittsburgh Theatre, "Waiting for the Verdict," was produced last week. Our correspondent "Idaho," says:—"It was presented in excellent style, with new scenery, costumes, properties, etc. Mr. Wm. Henderson, as Jonathan Roseblade, made an excellent old Farmer, and was a polished and truthful piece of acting, in fact he seems to excel in English parts. Martha Roseдale, by Miss Annie Eberle, was well played, and did not overleap herself, for it was satisfactory throughout. Mr. Dickson, as Jonas Hurdle, the villain of the play, deserves particular praise, as he played the crafty, yet cowardly, Jonas to perfection. Mr. H. A. Wentworth, as Lieut. Floaville, was very good, but he still persists in favoring us with occasional rant. Humphry Higson, by Mr. Clarendon, was very fair, and the least said about it the better, as the part was decidedly too heavy for him, as most parts which he has performed have been since he has been with us. Mr. J. Ogden, as Rev. Owen Hylton, did not look much like a 'Country Curate,' yet he acted very well. J. O. Sefton, as Blinkey Brown, and Mrs. Jas. Dickson, as Sarah Sawyer, were amusingly silly. I presume that the Earl of Milford never found a more fitting representative than it did in Mr. F. Chippendale. The rest of the parts were passably performed. Miss Leo Hudson was a witness of Wednesday evening's performance......"Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "House that Jack Built," are underlined, and will be run through the Holidays.

Speaking of Amusements in Indianapolis, Ind., our correspondent "Bontelle" says: "Another week has passed, and I appear before you again with my amusement summary. In the first place, I am glad to say that amusement places are still flourishing, having an unusual run of successful business. The Bob Edwards Varieties continued to give entertainments throughout last week, taking their leave of us on Monday, Dec. 19th. Their performance did not draw very well towards the latter part of the week......This week the Masonic Hall is used for lectures, balls, festivals, etc.......The Metropolitan Theatre is crowded every evening to witness Mr. Proctor's performances. He is improving upon acquaintance, and has now become quite a favorite. He has sustained admirably all the characters that he has undertook since he came before us. On the 15th, "Outalanchet" was produced to a large audience. His support was good, and everything went off in the best style. An immense crowd assembled at the theatre on Monday night, the 19th, to witness the tragedy of "Gio the Armorer of Tyre." The piece was put upon the stage in good style, with the following distribution of principal characters: Gio and Balbec, Mr. Proctor; King Mapen, Mr. R. B. Richards; Strato, Mr. L. F. Rand; Kinson Ludin, Mr. F. Hight; Prince Phalis, Mr. Harry Rivers; Sadrack, Mr. F. G. White; Marina, Miss Cushman; Rachel, Mrs. J. A. Hodges; Esther, Mrs. Rand. Mr. Proctor's performance of his character was good. He was well supported, and the piece was repeated on Tuesday night. "Outalanchet" was the attraction for the 21st......Mr. Frank Chanfrau is expected here to-day (the 21st) preparatory to an engagement at the Metropolitan on the 26th. Frank is an old favorite of we Indianapolisites, and he may safely count on a heavy business."

The Chicago Theatres are spoken of by our correspondent "Ingomar" "thusly:" "At Wood's Theatre the past week the entertainments have been of a varied character, giving fine scope for the histrionic talents of the company at this house. On Tuesday, Dec. 20th, Mr. A. D. Bradley, manager, took a benefit, and was rewarded with a full house. The "Merry Wives of Windsor" was the piece chosen for the occasion, in order to give Mr. Bradley an opportunity of appearing as Sir John Falstaff. He gave a capital personification of the fat knight. A shade of gloom has been thrown over the establishment by the death of Mrs. Dillon, wife of Mr. John Dillon, the well-known comedian. This estimable lady expired on Sunday, the 18th, after a brief but painful illness. She was a pleasing and careful actress, and much beloved by a large circle of friends. She leaves two little children to mourn her loss. It is very remarkable that the first part she ever enacted on any stage was Emma in "The Serious Family," and the same part was the last she performed before her death. The funeral took place on Monday. Col. J. H. Wood, Mr. A. D. Bradley, Mr. Frank E. Aiken and Mr. McManus, of the Museum, officiated as pall-bearers. She was the daughter of the late John Dickinson, and the sister of Miss Charlotte Dickinson......Mr. Edwin Adams has been playing a successful engagement at McVicker's Theatre. In the first week he performed in Shakespeare's masterpieces to the great satisfaction of the large audiences who nightly thronged the theatre. His "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Richard" were all justly admired. Mr Adams has, like every young actor, some faults of style which he would do well to get rid off. There is a certain monotony about the tones of his voice which is apt to pall upon the ear. Time and careful study may correct these faults. An Italian opera troupe, under the *baton* of Anchutz, opens at this house on Monday the 26th.

At the Toronto, C. W., Lyceum, business is reported as good. Mary Gladstane closed an engagement on the 24th. On the 23d, for the farewell benefit, she presented the comedy of the "Unequal Match," the screen scene from "School for Scandal," and the "Married Rake."......Miss Flora Myers and Millie West of manager Myers' corps, went to Hamilton on the 23d, to play with the officers of the 47th regiment, the pieces being "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "John Dobbs," and in return for the favor the officers play at Toronto soon for J. C. Myers' benefit...... On the 25th, McKean Buchanan and Miss Virginia Buchanan were to open in "London Assurance," supported by W. C. Pope as Dazzle, Allan Halford as Charles, Will J. Wiggins as Meddle, E. W. Leslie as Dolly, M. C. Daly as Max, Miss Flora Myers as Grace, Miss West as Cool, and Hattie Willis as Pert.

Harry Linden took a benefit on the 22d inst., at the Leavenworth Theatre.

Mr. A. S. Pennoyer has joined the Wallack Davenport combination as agent. The party open in Philadelphia at the Walnut on the 9th of January.

Ettie Henderson, at the termination of her engagement at Rock Island, goes to Leavenworth.

Sophie Gimber Kuhn was underlined at Grover's Washington Theatre, last week, for an early appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Grunwald, opera singers from San Francisco, arrived in Denver City, Col. Ter., on Dec. 7th, *en route* for the States.

Kate Denin took a benefit on the 23d, at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, playing Capitola in the "Hidden Hand."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers terminated her Washington engagement on the 24th inst., at Ford's Theatre, playing Lady Isabel in "East Lynne."

Vestvali was the card last week at Grover's Washington Theatre. "Bel Demonio" was performed on the 24th.

At the Augusta, (Me.) Opera House, "Richard the Third" was produced on the 19th inst., with Mr. S. E. Browne as Richard, Carrie M. Day as Duke of York, Lizzie Holmes as Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Anna Sutton as Lady Anne, and Annie Spear as Duchess of York. Mr. S. E. Browne is said to bear an extraordinary resemblance to the late tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth.

Frank Drew commences an engagement at Ford's Washington Theatre this week, opening on the 26th inst.

Sam Ryan was up for a benefit on Christmas eve at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

The Campbell and Castle English Opera Troupe, under the management of Frank Rivers, commenced a twelve nights engagement on the 19th inst. at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., opening in the "Bohemian Girl," which was well rendered, and listened to by a crowded house. The Canadians are very fond of English Operas, and the visit of this troupe to Montreal will no doubt prove a successful one.

Cecile Rush commences a two weeks engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Elmira, N. Y., on Jan. 9th.

At the Athenæum, Cario, Ill., several people are wanted by acting manager Robert Jones, including good stock actors as well as stars.

Manager Willard produces the new sensation drama of "The Dream of Destiny" at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week.

The Martinetti Family, consisting of Paul, Julian and Phillippe, were at Grover's Washington Theatre last week, doing Zampillaerostation and other gymnastic feats previous to the dramatic performances of Vestvali.

"Rosedale" has been drawing good houses to the Boston Museum. On Jan. 2d, Boucicault's new comedy of "How She Loved Him" is to be produced.

The Holman Opera Troupe succeed Miss Rush at Elmira, N. Y., commencing there on Jan. 23d.

"A Christmas Carol; or, The Miser's Dream" is the holiday piece at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. The Martinetti Brothers are also engaged there, and appear in gymnastic exercises; also in the pantomime of "The Magic Trumpet."

Miss Annie Waite was playing a good engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Elmira, N. Y., last week. She appeared as Thea in the "Marble Heart" on the 21st, for the benefit of Annie Dillingham, and created a most favorable impression. Miss Waite's engagement terminates there on the 7th of Jan.

The Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, produces "Cherry and Fair Star" this week.

A Dramatic and Variety Company is wanted by Messrs. Conner & Lea for Matamoras.

Dan Setchell was the star last week at the New Theatre, Alexandria, Va. "Waiting for the Verdict" was produced.

Miss Rachel Johnson, the pretty and talented actress, and Mr. B. Macauley, the distinguished young actor, are about to make a tour of the United States and Canadas. M. W. Canning is their business manager, and A. W. Morgan their agent. See advertisement.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Of Negro Minstrelsy in England, we have the following from our correspondent "Wide Awake," dated Liverpool, Nov. 21:—"Friend Queen,—I send you these few items about burnt cork here. At present there is great excitement in that line. George W. Moore, J. P. Crocker and J. Ritter have left Montague and Wilsom's Christys, and have organized a band of Christy's Minstrels with Henry Hamilton, who will supply their entertainment with illustrated scenery. The company comprises twelve talented performers, viz.: G. W. Moore, J. P. Crocker, J. Ritter, H. Hamilton, F. St. Clair, L. Rainford, J. C. Norman, J. Lumbard, D. Crosby, F. Medex, J. Williams and L. Williams; H. Bonfante, Secretary. They opened last Monday night at Chester, where they did immense business for two nights. On Saturday night they commenced here at the Concert Hall. They were to commence at 8 o'clock, but so great was the crowd to see the old favorites who had become managers, they were obliged to commence at 7. They play here two nights, then go to Manchester. Their entertainment was good, and they were all well received. Unsworth, Eugene and Blamford have joined Montague and Wilsom's Christys, and are now playing in Cork. Burton's Christy party are playing at Brighton, and are doing a good business. Butterworth's Christy party are at Birmingham. Spiller's Christys are at St. James' Hall, London. Nish's Christys, from Australia, are expected here about New Year's. Collins' party of Christys are to be in Australia about Christmas. There are about a dozen more bands of Christys at present here, besides two or three bands of female Christys, and several of juvenile Christys. Little Billy Howard, late of the Buckleys', is lying dangerously ill. Harry Templeton's Minstrels were at Free Trade Hall Manchester on Saturday evening. Johnny Adams has joined Australian West, the 'any other man,' and they are doing the Concert Room business in London. The great Mackney has left London, and is travelling through the country with a small party. Bob Smith and Harry Fox have left London, and are playing star engagements through the Provinces. They are both homesick, but they are afraid of the draft. Lewy Lindsey, the dancer, is doing well in Concert Rooms, London. Sam Nolan, the dancer, is at the South London, Manchester. Hosberry Howard, late of the Christys', has gone to Germany. A. Cushman, the American delineator, is at Hull. Mr. and Mrs. Nash are playing at the Colliseum here. Montague and Wilsom's party open here on the 5th of December. W. P. Thomas, late of Collins' Christys, is playing at the Concert Hall, Sheffield. Old Bill Cedar, known as Bill Price in America, is dancing his American jig in Springthorp Concert

Room, Hull, Moore, Ritter and Crocker did an immense business at St. Helens. Little Bobby is in London doing the turn business. Dick Leeck has joined Moore, Ritter, Crocker and Hamilton Christys."

DUPREZ AND GREEN'S MINSTRELS are still prosecuting their winter campaign with great vigor, and are reaping commensurate success. On the 9th, 10th and 12th inst. they gave performances at Cleveland, O., to full houses; on the 13th at Painesville, to a "crowded congregation;" on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, where, in spite of strong opposition, including a sleighing carnival, they reaped a rich reward in greenbacks. On the 19th they showed at Lockport, on the 20th at Albion, 21st and 22d at Auburn, and 23d and 24th at Rochester, at all of which places their success was indubitable, and their exchequer fortified to a great degree.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS did a good business last week at the New Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass. Delehanty and Ward, clog dancers, are creating quite a *furore* with the company. The brass band numbers thirteen pieces. T. H. Jackson, basso, joined the company lately. Harry Stanwood, Low Gaylord and Johnny Howard are doing the funny business. On the 23d, they were at Worcester, and were to appear at Springfield, Mass., on the 26th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS have been raking in the postage stamps in the Eastern country, business having been first rate since they came from the West. On the 26th they were to open in Bangor, Me., for two nights. On January 2d they appear in Portland, and then return to New York, visiting the same towns they stopped at on their way East.

THE RAYNOR CHRISTY MINSTRELS were to open in Chicago on the 26th inst. Frank Wyant is with the company.

E. M. B. LEAVITT is at present confined to his bed in Boston with pneumatic fever.

LEON, of Leon & Kelly's Minstrels, took a benefit on the 23d, at their Chicago Minstrel Hall.

THE WHALLEY HOUSE, No. 817 Filbert street, Philadelphia, is presided over by the notable Jem Flaherty, who subscribes for the CLIPPER, and has Kehoe's clubs and dumb-bells for gentlemen to exercise with.

JOE MILLER has opened Sandford's Opera House, Harrisburg, with a band of minstrels, which have been performing to good houses, with business increasing every evening.

F. SALOMANS, violinist and banjoist, wants an engagement. His address is 902 Cherry street, Philadelphia.

MORAN'S MINSTRELS occupy the large concert hall in Philadelphia during the holidays, the lower saloon being too small to accommodate their patrons. John Mulligan remains with the troupe during the current week.

"JACK and his Bean Stalk" takes remarkably well at Carncross & Dixey's Opera House, Philadelphia, where it has been given during the past week to well-pleased audiences. It is a capital holiday attraction for old and young, reminding the former of olden times, and creating fresh joys for the latter.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, during the holidays, appear in a well-selected programme, especially adapted to the little ones. A grand presentation piece, written by J. McCloskey expressly for this troupe, is one of the features this week. It is called "Santa Claus," and during its representation a large number of toys will be distributed among the audience each night. This is certainly a strong inducement for parents and guardians to take along the little ones, and besides enjoying an entertainment that will make them laugh heartily, they get a present "thrown in." Among the other novelties produced are "Cousin Joe," the capital burlesque of "The Stranger," a treble clog dance and banjo solo, Griffin, James Budworth, Cool Burgess, Hank Mudge, Lewis, J. Herman, J. B. Donniker and others constitute Manager Hooley's forces, and they always give pleasing entertainments.

MORRIS BROS. PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S NEW MINSTREL HALL in Boston, built on the site of the one lately destroyed by fire, was opened on the 21st inst. The hall now boasts two spacious and well-ventilated galleries, a parquet, and orchestra chairs, on a similar plan with that at the Museum, all the seats being numbered.

J. TANNENBAUM, the present musical director at the Chestnut-street Opera House, Philadelphia, advertises in this issue for an engagement.

MR. GEORGE LEA ought to feel proud of the very high position that he fills in the music-hall profession, for there is certainly not a more enterprising man to be found in or out of it. He never lets a good performer slip through his hands if money can secure that person; no matter what line of business he follows, he is sure to find an opening for him. One great advantage he has over all other showmen in the variety business is the fact of having, under his management, from four to five places of amusement, and all of them first-class establishments. With so many places, he can be constantly introducing to his patrons new features, and, by changing about from time to time, they become great favorites wherever they appear, and therefore do not stay long enough in one establishment to play themselves out. His salary-list is *the largest of any manager in this country*, no matter what business in the profession he is running. He has several performers whose salary exceeds seventy-five dollars a week, and some that go over one hundred dollars. At the Canterbury Hall, Washington, he has a strong combination of artists, among whom are Tony Pastor, comic singer, and Annetta Galletti, two of the highest-salaried performers on the boards. M'lle Galletti has just returned from a brilliant engagement in Mexico, where she received a salary of $200 a week in gold. She is at present performing at the Canterbury. Hutchinson's performing dogs were there last week, also Murray and Hutchinson, the very clever gymnasts. Thompson and Kerns, two of the best song and dance men in this country, are there this week; also, Delehanty and Ward, who claim to be the champion double-clog dancers in the business. In addition to the above-named talented performers and many others, Mr. Lea brings out this week a Christmas pantomime, which, it is said, has been gotten up regardless of expense. The Canterbury is a well-managed institution, and is in the full tide of success.

Music Halls.

DICK O'NEIL is now business manager at the Casino, Philadelphia.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL has won golden opinions from the people of Washington by her admirable singing and acting at the Oxford Music Hall.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, continues to do a good business, the house being filled all last week. Sam Long appeared on Monday, Dec. 19th, and was warmly received. Billy Boyd also made his reappearance and received a hearty welcome. The burnt cork team at this place is very strong. A correspondent says: "It is a rich treat to witness a walk round by Add Weaver, Ed Murray, Larry Tooley, J. C. Clark, Billy Boyd, Harry Hart, &c. Uncle James Pilgrim is very busy with the pantomime of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' which is to be produced in grand style."

THE WHETTONY BROTHERS and Master Tommy appeared at the Gayety, Albany, last week, and remain there one month previous to their departure for the Sandwich Islands.

AT THE GEMOTE PALACE, Baltimore, the following artists made their first appearance on the 19th inst:—Miss Viola Clifton, vocalist; Frank Campbell, tenor singer; M'lle. Isabella, *danseuse;* Tilly Forbes, vocalist and *danseuse;* and Billy Jacobs, comic singer.

AT THE NEW CANTERBURY, Baltimore, James Ward made his first appearance on the 19th inst., and was well received. The company throughout is said to be first class. Manager Bancroft may be proud of the success which nightly greets him in a harvest of greenbacks. W. A. Wray closed his four weeks engagement on the 24th. In his performances he is charged with taking too much liberty with the audience in his personalities. On Monday, Dec. 26th, a great trick pantomime was to be presented, entitled "Grandmother Hubbard; or, the Fairy of the Golden Wheat-sheaf," produced under the immediate direction of Robert Butler.

THE YORK (PA.) MELODEON, is now open for the winter season, under the management of F. X Diamond, and the proprietor, M. Selak, is reaping a rich harvest of greenbacks. The *personæ* of the Melodeon is at present, Misses Lizzie Lane, Malinda Keene, Emma Sparks; Messrs. Ed. Wray, Hughey Morton, J. C. Keene, Frank X. Diamond, etc. A big bill is offered for the holidays—said to be the best of the season.

AMONG THE NEW FACES at Fred Aims' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, last week, were Johnny Mack and Little Mack, who appeared on the 19th, Helene Smith and Harry Bloodgood, who appeared on the 22d. "Waiting for a Verdict" was produced at this institution on the 22d, in one scene and fifteen tableaux, with the following cast: "Blinkey Brown," Little Mac, "Jonathan Knifeblade," Johnny Mack, and "Jasper Knifeblade," J. C. Campbell.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, has a very good working company at present, consisting of Minnie Clare, La Belle Velarde, Lucie Clinetop, Sallie Clinetop, Nellie Taylor, Julia Yale, Tom Poland, Dave Williams, Johnny Perkins, Harry Alberts and George Mankin. Cherry Belle commenced a short engagement there last week, and, in her banjo solos, was a great favorite.

MR. S. S. PURDY, the clever Ethiopian comedian, has gone on a brief tour through the West. He opened at his old quarters, Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, last week, where he is a great favorite. He will shortly reappear in this city.

DICK McGOWAN, manager of the Varieties, Cairo, Ill., gave a benefit to the poor of that city on the 20th inst., which realized quite a large sum.

Circuses.

JOHN ADAMS, humorist and vocalist, is open for an engagement with a circus company for next season. See his address elsewhere.

S. B. HOWE'S CIRCUS, with Crockett, the lion-tamer, expected to open in New Orleans on the 12th inst. Dan Castello, with his Russian horse, Czar and Floating Cloud, also his trick-pony, was to join the party at Vicksburg. Robert Johnson also joined the show at the same place.

JAMES R. COOK'S CIRCUS was to open in Norfolk, Va., on the 26th inst., with the following people: Lizzie Parker, Emma Parker, Flora Keefe, Susie Cook, Ella Ackerman, Mrs. James R. Cook, Samuel Hope, Bill Stewart, James R. Keefe, Geo. A. Cook, Burroughs and Keefe. Mr. John Robinson, the equestrian, was to put in an appearance on the 27th.

S. O. WHEELER'S New Amphitheatre, built on the site of the National theatre, Boston, was announced to open on the 26th, with the following people: Eaton Stone, Sam Stickney, Showles Family, Frank Whittaker, A. Newton, Joe Pentland, the Denzer Brothers, Master Leon, Mrs. Stickney, Miss Whittaker, M'me. Stone, and M'lle. Josephine. The ring and auditorium are supported upon brick arches, and nothing can be more substantial. Seats for about 2,000 arranged on a slope from rear to front, and with galleries on three sides, are well adapted to give those in the audience a full view of the ring.

A ROUND TOP CANVAS, 80 by 100 feet, is wanted by Messrs. Conner and Lea.

Miscellaneous.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION AND VARIETY SHOW, under the management of Mr. Rufus Somerby, were to open in Pittsburgh on the 22d inst., but as the Troupe did not arrive until 9 o'clock, owing to a delay in the railroad, the performance had to be postponed until the 23d. "The doors were opened," says "Idaho," "by the agent, and in a short time the house was densely packed, and was unpacked again in as short a time when the announcement was made that there would be no performance that evening (Thursday), for reasons given above. As the Troupe is a first class one, I presume they will do an immense business here."

MAGICIAN'S APPARATUS, a full set, is advertised for sale by W. A. Cameron in this issue.

UNION HALL, is the name of a new structure just erected at Amsterdam, N. Y., for concerts, lectures, and exhibitions. It is centrally located, and will seat 1000 persons. Parties wishing to secure it should address Matthias Arnold, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

BALLARD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY is travelling through the West.

ARTEMUS WARD'S baggage was the cause of considerable merriment in Boston on Saturday. A long box, measuring in length about twenty feet, was marked "Artemus Ward's Valise;" another one of larger dimensions was called "Arty's Carpet Bag." In fact, all the scenery and properties of his little big show was packed in boxes and marked with some of the worst jaw-breaking words ever twisted around with human tongue. Artemus is showing" his form in Boston all this week.

THE SCHENECTADY (N. Y.) *Times* is rather severe on one of the Dobson Brothers, for announcing to appear at Anthony Hall, in that place, lately. Considerable printing and advertising was done there, but the party did not "show cause."

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE have been winning golden opinions in Cairo, Ill., where they were performing last week. Their stay in that city terminated on the 22d inst., when they were rewarded with a very large crowd, who seemed delighted with the entertainment.

SIGNOR DUVALLI, the celebrated imitator of "all the birds in the air," and who warbles like a lark, advertises for an engagement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

HUBBARD'S TABLEAUX OF THE WESTERN WORLD was on exhibition the four last days of last week, at Temperance Hall, Trenton. This week it is at Masonic Hall, Easton, Pa.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING and Mr. W. P. Spaulding, having left Father Kemp's Old Folks, can be addressed, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, at Chicago, Ill.

MANAGER DUPREZ' CARD, on license extortion, seemed to have a good effect on the Toledo Common Scoundrels. A correspondent says 'They concluded to put the Alleghanians license down to $5 per night instead of $15.

MRS. HATTIE N. SMITH "spoke a piece" at White's Hall, Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 19th, on "Life in the South compared with Life in the North."

DR. BELL, late editor of the Irish *Liberator*, lectured to a good audience, under the auspices of the Fenian Brotherhood, at Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 17th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS hold a "merrie Christmas" at Toledo, and a "happy New Year" at Detroit, with their numerous friends and patrons.

THAT COMICAL BROWN, as he is called, assisted by Miss Erminia Augusta Marsh, vocalist, and Harry Webster Canterbury, baritone, gave an entertainment at Annisquam, Mass., on the 23d, and Gloucester, Mass., on the 24th.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT ("Jeemes Pipes") is "Drifting About" among the Connecticut snow hills. He attracted large houses in Monticello, Liberty and New London. He gives his peculiar lecture for the benefit of the Woman's Infirmary, in New York, about New Year's time. Good for Stephen!

CORINTHIAN HALL, Rochester, is as popular as ever with the show folks. On the 26th, Fallon's Stereopticon takes possession and remains five nights. Charley Shay next comes with his Quincuplexical Troupe, for two nights, commencing on Jan. 2d. A. B. Morrison, with his entertainment of Paradise Lost, opens on Jan. 9th, and stays till the 25th. Josh Billings shows up for the 27th. On the 28th and 30th, it is not yet engaged.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW is progressing through the country in fine style, meeting with success wherever it pulls up for a brief stay. The exhibition consists of life-moving mechanical figures, illustrative of the Union army. Mr. La Rue, having gone into the funny business, has become quite a favorite with the public, and is said to be most excellent as a humorist. Mr. C. B. Griste, the agent, gives us his route ahead as follows: Zanesville, Ohio, Dec. 28th, for four days; Dayton, Jan. 2d, one week; Cincinnati, Jan. 9th, one week; thence to Covington, Ky., and Louisville.

SEVENTY-THREE places of amusement have paid a license fee of $10 each into the treasury of the city of Philadelphia for the year 1864.

A SORT of Museum and Menagerie has recently been started in Market street, above Eighth, Philadelphia. Among the curiosities on exhibition are giants, dwarfs, living skeletons, seals, anacondas, monkeys, What Is Its? etc. It is 25 cents to go in, and Judge Engle is the manager. There is room in the Quaker City for a good Museum, and it is our opinion that the proper kind of one would meet with success. Who knows but that Judge Engle's little show may be the nuclus of a large Museum.

JOHN W. WHISTON.—This may be said to be the crowning season of this distinguished humorist, and the press, in different parts of the country where he performs, team with laudatory notices. The *Rochester Union* says, "The versatility of talent, sudden transformations, and assumptions of various characters by this remarkable man, were greeted with peals of laughter and thunders of applause." The *Albany Statesman* says, "Whiston, the funniest of all humorists, plunges his listeners into convulsions of laughter, while delineating his budget of comicalities. Mr. Anthony B. Palmer, well-known as the great panorama proprietor and manager, is his partner. Harry Butler, who precedes him as advertising agent, prepares the people to receive this wonderful performer. He performed on Christmas eve at Poughkeepsie.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, the 25th, a grand concert was given at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans under the supervision of Prof. Rosenwold and Christian Lybecker—a grand chorus of fifty-six instrumental pieces and a full chorus—being under the direct auspices of Maj.-Gen. Wallace Tyler and other leading officers of the Middle Department.

MR. RUFUS SOMERBY'S VARIETY SHOW, one of the largest and most complete organizations now travelling, is meeting with unqualified success on its tour through Western New York. Among the leading features are The Snow Brothers and the Levantin Brothers, whose performances on the trapeze, horizontal bar, dancing globes, juggling, Spanish tranca, and Roman gladiators, have established them among the first gymnasts of the day. Dick Sands, the clog dancer, than whom there are none better in the profession, executes one of his clog dances and a wild Irish jig each evening. Lizzie Somerby appears each evening and executes some of her most pleasing English ballads. She is said to possess a good *contralto* voice, and her ballads are always taking. Miss Jessie Robinson leads off in the terpsichorean line, and as a *danseuse* is said to be very clever. Simon Sloan, Yankee Comedian and delineator of eccentric characters, is another feature of this show. A troupe of performing dogs also add to the amusements of the company. On the 22d inst. this party opened at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., for a short season.

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE entertainment opened in Harrisburg on the 21st, and attracted good houses.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS, assisted by Mrs. Emma J. Nichols, were billed to sing at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 26th inst.

AN ENTHUSIAST, calling himself Professor Upson, lectured one evening last week in Chicago, to what he deserved—a beggarly account of empty benches. His text was, "The Glory and Shame of Actors and Acting." It is said to have been just such a treatise as a book-worm would be most likely to write upon a subject with which he was, in a *practical* way, totally unfamiliar. His remarks, says a correspondent, "were chiefly fulsome laudations of the long ago dead and buried David Garrick, gathered from the opinions of cotemporaneous writers, presenting no new ideas nor facts." His assertion that "it was impossible for a female of any purity to enact the part of Juliet or Mrs. Haller, and leave the green-room undefiled," proves that he is either a falsifier or a fit subject for a lunatic asylum—perhaps both. That there is just as much virtue, unaffected goodness and genuine morality to be found in the dramatic profession as in any other, we know to be a genuine fact. The speaker must have associated with the vilest of the vile, to have emboldened him to hazard an opinion so unjust, unfeeling, and insulting to the many noble and distinguished ornaments of the drama.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE MENKEN continues to grow more popular than ever. In proof of which, read the following, which we copy from the *London Era* of Dec. 12th:—

"In Storey County, Nevada Territory, a gold and silver mining company has been incorporated under the title of 'The Menken Shaft and Tunnel Company,' and the directors have just forwarded to the fair lady whose name has been adopted, a present of a certificate for fifty shares, at $100 each, making the very handsome total of £1000; truly a 'golden gift,' and gallantly illustrative of the esteem in which the Lady Mazeppa is held in that distant country, where her performances last year created a prodigious excitement. The scrip, which has been forwarded to this country, bears the name of Menken in large characters, and in the corner appears her vignette, extremely well executed, considering the limited typographical resources of Nevada. While performing in that colony last year, she was unanimously elected an honorary member of Young America Engine Company No. 2, and presented with a massive silver belt. While in San Francisco, she was also created an honorary member of the St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company, and presented with a handsome belt; and a few days ago Miss Menken received a highly complimentary letter from New York, of which the following is a copy:—

HALL OF MENKEN STEAM ENGINE COMPANY NO. 8 (INDEPENDENT), HUDSON CITY, COLUMBIA CO., N. Y., November 20th, 1864.

TO MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, AT ASTLEY'S THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND:—

Dear Madame: At the first regular meeting of Menken Steam Engine Company, held at their house on the 8th day of November, 1864, the following was among the preambles and resolutions which were unanimously adopted:—*Resolved*, That we, the officers and members of said Menken Steam Engine Company No. 8, do hereby unanimously elect Miss Adah Isaacs Menken (now playing an engagement at Astley's Theatre, London) an honorary member of said Engine Company during life, and that The Menken, in honor of her from whom we take the name, be always first and last to a fire, and do our best in every case to save the widow and the orphan; that the boys always hold in universal esteem and honor the truly fair one, and that we tender her our kind regards and best wishes for her future success and happiness, with the hope that the path of her future career may be strewn with plenty of greenbacks and the good things of this life, and that very many kind and warm friends may cluster about her, which in this life is worth more than all else. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Miss Menken, requesting in return her photograph, to adorn our hall, in grateful remembrance of her from whom we take the name—The Menken.

We are, madame, your faithful friends,

THE MEMBERS OF NO. 8,
CHARLES H. KING, Foreman.

Attest—CHARLES S. CHAMPLIN, Secretary and Treasurer."

The engagement of Miss Menken in London for the present, was announced to terminate at Astley's on Dec. 17th, to prepare for the Christmas pantomime.

MRS. SHUTER, an actress of considerable provincial celebrity in England years ago, who for the past two years has been a resident in and an annuitant of the Royal Dramatic College, died in London, Nov. 4th, aged 72.

MADAME SALVI, rope dancer, who has recently been performing with great success at Bilboa and other towns in Spain, met with an accident lately at Burgos. After walking along a tight-rope, thirty feet from the ground, with a cannon ball attached to each leg, she lost her balance when in the act of turning to repeat the feat, and fell with great violence into the orchestra, her head striking against a music stand. Though she received two contusions, she was not seriously hurt, and will soon resume her performances, "solely prompted," one of the papers says, by her intense "*amour de l'art.*"

AN IMPORTANT CASE was brought up in a London court lately, as to whether an actor is a laborer or not. Mr. Rosenthal, manager of an opera and burlesque company, brought a suit against a comedian and chorister for breach of engagement. The charge was brought under an Act of Parliament, giving Magistrates power to imprison a servant leaving his employment without giving proper notice. The Court, under the advice of their clerk, did not consider that a comedian came under the provisions of the Act, as he was not a handicraftsman or artificer, but as the question was one of so vital an importance to Mr. Rosenthal and managers in general—it being no use proceeding by civil action against persons without means, the position usually of inferior members of theatrical companies—they adjourned the case for a fortnight, in order that Mr. Rosenthal might consult his own private solicitor in London, who is a theatrical solicitor, to ascertain whether there are any authoritative decisions on the point.

GARDNER COYNE (right name Wm. H. Gardner), the American, made his *debut* on Nov. 28th, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, in "The Irish Emigrant" and "The Limerick Boy." He made a favorable impression, and is well spoken of by the press of that city.

FRAU GOSSMANN, a celebrated actress, lately appeared at the Theatre Royal, Munich, with her usual success; but some indiscreet admirers of her talent complained that a comedy in which she had elsewhere distinguished herself had been brought out without her co-operation, "her part" having been given to another. This led to an explanation to the effect that Frau Gossmann had been offered that part, but that she declined it on the ground that she would not be able to appear in two comedies on the same night, and thereupon another lady was entrusted with the character. No sooner did this come to the ears of Frau Gossmann than all her scruples vanished, and she expressed her wish to appear also in the second comedy. As her substitute is also an eminent actress, and deservedly a great favorite, the proposition was not accepted—*hinc iræ!*

LEOTARD is in Court, his wife having sued for a divorce. They were married in London in July, 1862.

OUR bad-walking tenor friend, Brignoli, who came to grief in Madrid, has recently met with a soothing reception in Paris. "All's well that ends well."

WHAT NEXT? We see it stated in some of the papers that an actress at one of the large theatres in Paris is about to bring an action against a minor actress for imitating both her gestures and voice. Who'd a thunk it?

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND, vocalists, (right name Strang), were drowned, together with their three children, while on shipboard, bound to Dundee, where they were under an engagement to appear.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
A SEASON OF LUXURIOUS ENTERTAINMENT!
After months of preparation,
A NEW AND GORGEOUS HOLIDAY SPECTACULAR ROMANCE
will be performed
EVERY AFTERNOON at 3, and EVENING at 7¼, and on
CHRISTMAS DAY (MONDAY), Dec. 25, ALMOST EVERY HOUR,
entitled the
RING OF FATE;
or,
FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER.
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, WARDROBE, APPOINTMENTS, AND EFFECTS.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS will exhibit at all hours, TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES in full operation.
MORNING AT 11,
A MAGNIFICENT MOVING PANORAMA,
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS IN LILLIPUT.
O-KE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS,
in their customs, war dances, &c.
W. B. HARRISON.....................in.....................COMIC SONGS
MISS JENNIE STONE, the Scottish Queen,
18 years old, and only 24 inches high.
THREE FAT GIRLS, THREE GIANTS, TWO DWARFS, ALBINO BOY, GRAND AQUARIA, LIVING OTTERS, KANGAROOS, FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AND A MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,

No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
HOLIDAY WEEK!
GRAND CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS!
ROARS OF LAUGHTER
and
INTENSE AMAZEMENT
at the
NEW PANTOMIME!
HELLER'S
SURPASSINGLY WONDROUS NEW TRICKS,
NEW MUSICAL SELECTIONS,
and the
GREAT RAVEL PANTOMIME,
HARLEQUIN SANTA CLAUS;
or, the
MAGIC CLOSET,
including the startling apparition of
THE GHASTLY WALKING SKELETON
and the
SURPRISING QUASI-SPIRITUAL ILLUSION of the
ELFIN GUITARS TWANGING IN THE AIR!
TWO MATINEES IN HOLIDAY WEEK.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY, Dec. 28, at 2 P. M.
MATINEE SATURDAY, Dec. 31, at 2 P. M.
NOTICE.—The Matinee will commence at 2 P. M., NOT AT 3, as formerly. The doors will open at 1 P. M.
The NEW ILLUSIONS, NEW MUSIC, and the NEW PANTOMIME at each Matinee.
Doors open every evening at 7½; commence at 8.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,

Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
GRAND HOLIDAY PERFORMANCE.
MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 26th, and every evening. THREE GRAND MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.
UNEXAMPLED PERFORMANCE.
Production of the NEW, GRAND, and UNEQUALLED CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD;
OR, THE GOOD FAIRY PRECIOSA AND THE BAD DEMON RUSTIFUSTI,
in which the entire Mammoth Company will appear, with the services of one hundred auxiliaries, the greatest feat ever attempted in the hippodramatic world. The great English Old-Time Comic Christmas Pantomime will be given in addition to the wondrous performances of the
MAMMOTH STAR COMPANY,
EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC, AND ACROBATIC.
For full particulars of these extraordinary Holiday Performances, see posters and small bills.
HIPPOTHEATRONIC EUREKA!

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.....................MR. N. B. CLARKE.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
GRAND HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.
MR. J. B. HOWE'S NEW DRAMA,
JERRY ABBERSHAW.
SIG. MARTIN GROTESQUE,
MARIETTA RAVEL
on the
TIGHT ROPE.
MR. W. J. W. THOMPSON
and his
TRAINED DOGS,
HECTOR AND CARLO.
THE CROSS OF DEATH,
SHEEP STEALING,
ROBERT MACAIRE,
BLACK HUGH, THE OUTLAW.
EIGHT PIECES. SONG, and DANCES.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director, and Manager.....................G. L. FOX.
HOLIDAY WEEK.
EIGHT CAPITAL HOLIDAY PIECES.
MISS FANNY HERRING
and the full company.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,
SCHOOL-MASTER,
VALENTINE AND ORSON,
SERVANTS BY LEGACY,
ALADDIN,
ORLANDO VENDORME,
FOUR LOVERS,
SPIRIT OF '76.
Doors open at 6 o'clock.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

THE HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.
Eighteenth week of the greatest of American comedians,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS.
First time of the excessively absurd and atrociously funny
ORIGINAL AND AB-ORIGINAL EXTRAVAGANZA,
adapted by Mr. J. E. Owens (exclusively for his own amusement) from the
STEP-MOTHER TONGUE OF A HALF-BRED INDIAN,
THE LIVE INDIAN.
Tom Brown,
Miss Cerulea Crinoline, } Mr. J. E. OWENS.
Kin-ne-no-ne-aw, the Live Indian,
Other characters by Tom Owens, F. Maeder, Sol Smith, Jr., Carpenter, and Miss Nelly Johnson.
NEW LOCAL SCENERY BY MAEDER.
LAST NIGHTS OF
SOLON SHINGLE,
which, notwithstanding its famous success, must soon give place to another of Mr. Owens' great characterizations.
In rehearsal,
PAUL PRY, and Shakespeare's COMEDY OF ERRORS. 38

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Doors open at 7.....................Commencing at 7¾
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."
In consequence of the
IMMENSE SUCCESS
of the Great Local Sensational Drama, in
FIVE TABLEAUX AND A PROLOGUE,
entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
which has for the past two weeks
DRAWN CROWDED HOUSES,
who have received it with
UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM,
it will be repeated
EVERY NIGHT
DURING THE HOLIDAYS.
Seats can be secured
THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE. 38

VARIETIES THEATRE,

37 AND 39 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY,
Directly opposite the Old Bowery Theatre.
GEO. LEA.....................Proprietor.
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL THEATRE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
GEO. LEA.....................Proprietor.
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
GEO. LEA.....................Proprietor.
Performers of talent always wanted for the above establishments. Engagements for one year or longer guaranteed to performers to play in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, and New Orleans. Address all communications to GEO. LEA, Canterbury, Washington, D. C.
A First Class Lady Vocalist wanted immediately for Washington; also three or four Good Ethiopian Performers. Address as above, or to CONNER & LEA'S Dramatic and Musical Agency, 25 West Houston st., N. Y.
Ballet Girls wanted at the following prices, viz.: for New York, $15 per week; for Washington, $35 per week; for Alexandria, $25; for New Orleans, $20. 36-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL.

This beautiful, young, and talented
TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE, FRENCH AND SPANISH DANSEUSE, commenced a STAR ENGAGEMENT OF TWO WEEKS, on Monday, Dec. 19th, at the NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Communications may be addressed to
M. W. HANLEY,
37- New Bowery Theatre, N. Y.

NIBLO'S SALOON.

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 29, 1864.
GRAND
COMPLIMENTRY TESTIMONIAL
to
FRANK B CONVERSE,
BANJOIST,
Assisted by the following talent:
MISS MINA GEARY, Soprano,
MR. GUSTAVUS GEARY, Tenor,
MR. FRANK LESLIE, Balladist,
MR. W. V. NOE, Basso,
MR. N. W. GOULD, Guitarist,
MR. J. W. SIVORI,
MR. R. D. BARNES,
MR. J. W. CRAYTON.
MR. FRANK GILDER, Pianist and Conductor.
Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, $1.
Doors open at 7. Concert commences at 7¾. 38-1t

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,

199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
GREAT HOLIDAY ATTRACTION,
DOUBLE COMPANY.
ENGAGEMENT
OF
TILLOTSON'S OCTOPLEXARA TROUPE
OF
COMEDIANS, VOCALISTS, DANCERS, AND PANTOMIMISTS,
who will appear nightly in conjunction with
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
EVERY EVENING,
AT 7¾ O'CLOCK.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
AT 2½ O'CLOCK,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR PREVIOUS TO PERFORMANCE.

WINTER GARDEN.

EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
EDWIN BOOTH
AS
HAMLET.
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
the great sensation of the season,
BOOTH'S HAMLET.
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
Doors open at 6¾.
Curtain rises at 7¼ precisely. 38

G. C. CHARLES,

IRISH COMEDIAN.
Managers of first class Theatres wishing to negotiate for the services of this favorite and popular Irish Comedian for six nights or more, will address
J. N. WORL, Business Manager,
38-4t Post Office, Baltimore, Md.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS. New Entertainment.

EVERY ACT ILLUSTRATED WITH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, are now making their Ninth and last Provincial Tour through England, Ireland and Scotland, with great success. At the termination they will return home again to
AMERICA.
Due notice will be given upon their arrival. The company comprises the following talented performers.
G. W. MOORE, Bones and Comedian;
J. P. CROCKER, Tambourinist and Eccentric Dancer;
J. H. Ritter, Alto, Female Personator and Dancer;
F. ST. CLAIR, First Tenor;
J. NORMAN, Second Tenor;
L. M. RAINFORD, Baritone;
J. L. LUMBARD, Basso Profundo;
J. WILLIAMS, First Violin;
D. WILLIAMS, Second Violin;
D. CROSBY, Solo Violoncelist;
F. MEDDEX, Flute and Piccolo;
H. HAMILTON, Scenic Artist.
PROPRIETORS:
Messrs. MOORE, CROCKER, RITTER & HAMILTON.
Secretary: MR. F. BURGIS 38-2t*

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR

OF THE
MODEL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY OF THE WORLD.
HAVERLY'S
GREAT COMBINATION MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
22 TALENTED VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS, AND DELINEATORS OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDY.
SELECTED GEMS FROM THE GREAT AND UNAPPROACHABLE CONGRESS OF ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS.
OBSERVE OUR MAMMOTH CONSTELLATION OF POPULAR STARS:—

Miss SALLIE DUVAL,	Mr. JOHNNY JUDGE,
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Their repertoire is large, with several New Pieces.
Managers wishing to negotiate, will please address
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WANTED.—THEATRES at the following places: Chicago, Ill.; Cairo, Ill.; Decatur, Ala.; One Leading Man, One Old Man, One Old Woman, Two Walking Gents, One Utility Man, One Juvenile Man, One Property Man. All those wishing engagements in the above lines may address, with stamp enclosed, or apply at our office immediately. DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents,
65 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, O., Room 5, P. O. box 2226.
P. S.—The following artists can at all times procure engagements by applying at our office. Leading Women, Heavy Men, Walking Gents, Low Comedians, and Utility Men. 38-tf

ROYAL LYCEUM, Toronto, C. W.

J. C. MYERS.....................LESSEE AND MANAGER.
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After which, the Protean Farce of
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in which MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will assume six different characters. To conclude with the Laughable Farce of
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31 JOSEPH WARREN & CO.

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THE SLEIGHING PARTY.
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I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.
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TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
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S. N. PIKE can be addressed as follows, at Fifth Avenue Hotel; Office No. 6 Cedar street; Post Office Box 4380, New York. 36-4t

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TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELSY
AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.
BEWARE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.
The Board of Aldermen (without souls and unfit to live) has recently passed an ordinance requiring all Minstrel Troups to pay a City Licence of the enormous and unreasonable sum of fifteen dollars per night. We appeared in that village on the 5th and 7th insts., and we had to pay the extraordinary amount of thirty dollars for the two evenings. All troupes or exhibitions of any kind visiting that place hereafter will be imposed on in the like manner. Therefore, beware of Toledo, unless you wish to get robbed of your greenbacks. If the village authorities insist and continue to charge such thieving high licences as this, they will make themselves and Toledo as famous for meanness as Steubenville Village, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana.
The above article is published for the benefit of the profession generally. Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
36-4t* Manager of Duprez & Green's Minstrels.

THE CONVERSE TESTIMONIAL
New York, December 9th, 1864.
Frank B. Converse, Esq.:—
Fully appreciating the successful efforts you have made to elevate the standard of the Banjo and its music to a position ranking favorably with other musical instruments, a result wholly due to your individual exertions, we most earnestly desire to express our appreciation of your merits, and would be pleased to tender you a Complimentary Testimonial, at any time and place you may mention. Yours, sir, respectfully,

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WM. HALL & SON,	J. W. LINGARD,
S. T. GORDON,	JOHN E. OWENS,
HORACE WATERS,	R. M. HOOLEY,
DAN BRYANT,	FRANK LESLIE,
NEIL BRYANT,	"FIGARO,"
ARTEMUS WARD,	"McARONE,"
A. H. DAVENPORT,	M. C. CAMPBELL,

And others.
New York, Dec. 10th, 1864.
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Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, tendering me a "Complimentary Testimonial," and in reply would propose NIBLO'S SALOON as an appropriate place, and THURSDAY, DEC. 29th, as the evening. I shall be most happy to be the recipient of your proffered kindness, promising you that this mark of your esteem shall prove a greater incentive to renewed exertions on my part to elevate the character and position of the Banjo and its music.
I remain yours respectfully,
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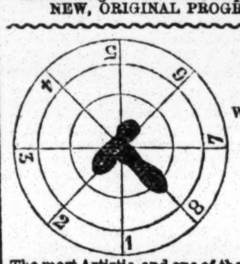

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